

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## CAPTIVE SPRING.

WHAT, gentle Spring, and art thou come?  
 Desire,  
 Under the iron sceptre of thy sire,  
 Cried out for thee.  
 Fair truant! couldst thou not have flown  
 More quickly to our colder zone,  
 From those beyond the sea?  
 Or didst thou linger on, and grieve  
 The sunny southern land to leave?  
 Cease for awhile thy wandering,  
 Rest and be welcome, gentle Spring.

Why, like a maid that would the more be sought,  
 Dost hide thee, almost ere thy beauty caught  
 Our eager view,  
 Behind yon cloud that frowning passed?  
 A laggard surely, and the last  
 Of winter's sullen crew  
 He will not aid thee in thy wiles:  
 See, at thy touch the traitor smiles;  
 And thou, discovered once again,  
 Shalt find thy shyness all in vain.

Besides, an hour ago her fragrance sweet  
 Disclosed the violet springing at my feet;  
 And I knew well,  
 Gazing upon the purple gem,  
 From whose bright veil or diadem  
 That tiny treasure fell.  
 I spied the crocus lifting up  
 His yellow head, his golden cup;  
 The very daisies in the grass  
 Showed me the way that Spring did pass.

Yield, then, fair nymph! for, goddess as thou art,  
 We will not let thee from our shore depart  
 Until thou bless  
 The land that all expectant lies,  
 And every soul that longing sighs  
 To feel thy soft caress.  
 The waking bees, the happy birds,  
 The timid flocks, the patient herds,  
 Thy presence own with grateful joy,  
 And silent mourn if thou art coy.

From thy full hands we claim the daffodil,  
 And those bright bells the midnight fairies fill  
 With honey dew;  
 Pink blossom of the almond-tree,  
 Tender laburnum hanging free,  
 And periwinkle blue.  
 Spare us those jewels from thy crown,  
 These buds that deck thy gauzy gown;  
 And stay thy flight, and fold thy wing —  
 We hold thee captive, gentle Spring.

SYDNEY GREY.

## GREECE AND ENGLAND.

WOULD this sunshine be completer,  
 Or these violets smell sweeter,  
 Or the birds sing more in metre,  
 If it all were years ago,  
 When the melted mountain-snow  
 Heard in Enna all the woe  
 Of the poor forlorn Demeter?

Would a stronger life pulse o'er us  
 If a panther-chariot bore us,  
 If we saw, enthroned before us,  
 Ride the leopard-footed god,  
 With a fir-cone tip the rod,  
 Whirl the thyrsus round, and nod  
 To a drunken Mænad-chorus?

Bloomed there richer, redder roses  
 Where the Lesbian earth incloses  
 All of Sappho? where reposes  
 Meleager, laid to sleep  
 By the olive-girdled deep;  
 Where the Syrian maidens weep,  
 Bringing serpents in posies?

AH! it may be! Greece had leisure  
 For a world of faded pleasure;  
 We must tread a tamer measure,  
 To a milder, homelier lyre;  
 We must tend a paler fire,  
 Lay less perfume on the pyre,  
 Be content with poorer treasure!

Were the brown-limbed lovers bolder?  
 Venus younger, Cupid older?  
 Down the wood-nymph's warm white shoulder  
 Trailed a purpler, madder vine?  
 Were the poets more divine?  
 Brew we no such golden wine  
 Here, where summer suns are colder?

Yet for us too life has flowers,  
 Time a glass of joyous hours,  
 Interchange of sun and showers,  
 And a wealth of leafy glades,  
 Meant for loving men and maids,  
 Full of warm green lights and shades,  
 Trellis-work of wild-wood bowers.

So while English suns are keeping  
 Count of sowing-time and reaping,  
 We've no need to waste our weeping,  
 Though the glad Greeks lounged at ease  
 Underneath their olive-trees,  
 And the Sophoclean bees  
 Swarmed on lips of poets sleeping!  
 Temple Bar. EDMUND W. GOSSE.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
WALLACE'S "RUSSIA."\*

IF Mr. Wallace had published this book under the more modest title of "Rural Russia," it might deserve to be considered the best work we possess in English on the peasantry and country life of that vast empire. The writer has unquestionably some qualifications unusual in a foreigner. He is well acquainted with the Russian language. He has lived for several years, not only in St. Petersburg and Moscow, but amongst the people; and in his zeal for the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of the country, he braved the discomfort of a Russian parsonage and the dulness of a provincial town. Applying himself more especially to the study of the communal tenure of land and the results of the recent emancipation of the serfs, he has published, on those subjects, a large amount of valuable information. He writes in a spirit of fairness and good temper, not always to be found in the books relating to the institutions of the Russian empire; and if he is biased at all, it is by a kindly sense of the hospitality he has met with and by a lively appreciation of the good qualities of the Russian people. He has collected with scrupulous care all that it is possible to say in their favor, but unfortunately his benevolent theories are not always borne out by the facts which his candor compels him to disclose. We receive his evidence, however, with pleasure and confidence as far as it goes. But it is impossible not to remark that the scope of this work is very limited. We are struck at once by surprising omissions of the most important subjects, which affect the whole social and political condition of the empire. Mr. Wallace has nothing to say

of the army, or of the finances, or of commerce, or of the imperial administration. But these are the four pillars of the edifice. The life and manners of the peasantry are interesting, and very unlike anything that exists in western Europe. Perhaps the time may come when their primitive institutions may exercise some power in the State. But at present they are entirely subject to the exigencies of a vast military establishment, to an oppressive and demoralizing system of finance, to a prohibitive commercial system, and to the absolute control of a despotic government. A book on Russia which omits these subjects appears to us, therefore, to be essentially defective and incomplete. The author tells us that he hopes in a third volume to repair some of these omissions. But he has failed to show the bearing that the obligations of military service, the mode of taxation, commercial restrictions, and the application of arbitrary power have on all the subordinate institutions of the country; and this deficiency can never be supplied.

If therefore the object of the reader were to obtain a knowledge of Russia, as a State and a power in Europe, he would derive much fuller and more accurate information from several works recently published on the Continent, such as M. Schédo-Ferroti's "*Etudes sur l'Avenir de la Russie*," or the "*Petersburger Gesellschaft*," by a Russian; or Herr Julius Eckardt's "*Russische und Baltische Characterbilder*;"\* not to mention Prince Dolgoroukow's somewhat defamatory volume on the state of his own country. The peasantry of Russia, though they exceed by incalculable numbers the population of the towns, are still an inert mass. The communal institutions which have existed for some centuries among them are confined to their own very limited sphere of action. They have not as yet shown the slightest aptitude for political power or even the slightest desire to exer-

\* 1. *Russia*. By D. MACKENZIE WALLACE, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1877.

2. *Russische und Baltische Characterbilder aus Geschichte und Literatur*. Von JULIUS ECKARDT. 1 vol. 8vo. Leipzig: 1876.

3. *Etudes sur l'Avenir de la Russie*. Par D. K. SCHÉDO-FERROTTI. Quatrième Edition. Berlin: 1889.

4. *Aus der Petersburger Gesellschaft*. Von einem Russen. Berlin: 1874.

5. *Savage and Civilized Russia*. By W. R. LONDON: 1877.

6. *La Russie Epique. Etudes sur les Chansons Héroïques de la Russie*. Par ALFRED RAMBAUD. Paris: 1876.

\* A translation of the first edition of this work was published in London in 1870, under the title "Modern Russia;" but a second edition has since appeared in Germany, considerably enlarged. It is a most valuable and instructive work, and far superior, in our estimation, to that of Mr. Wallace.

cise it, except when their own immediate interests were concerned. The emancipation of the serfs was unquestionably a great revolution in Russian society, and a measure which does the highest honor to the firmness, benevolence, and wisdom of Alexander II. But never was a great social revolution more exclusively accomplished from above. It was imposed on nobles and serfs alike by the imperial will; and we gather from Mr. Wallace's own pages that it has had little or no effect in changing the condition of the peasantry, except in so far as their relations to their former owners are concerned. Herr Eckardt states emphatically that after the emancipation, in the agricultural arrangements, in the relations of the individual members to the community, in the periodical re-allotments, in the mode of taxation, and in the division of the soil, *absolutely nothing was changed.*

The omission of all mention of the army in Mr. Wallace's volumes is that which most surprises us, because we have always understood that Russia is essentially constituted on military principles, and the maintenance of an enormous army is regarded as the great end of the State. All rank in Russia may be said to be military, or represented by military equivalents. Thus even M. de Kancrie, the late minister of finance, and a civilian, had the rank of a general; and when two young men of high birth, a Soumorooff, and a Woronoff, announced their intention of entering the civil service, they were told that this was a derogation from their proper position, measured by the military standard. The army was the grand object of the solicitude of the emperor Nicholas; and although a milder *régime* has succeeded to that of the late czar, the military establishment of the empire has been largely increased and extended within the last three years by the introduction of universal compulsory service,—a fact which must have the most serious effect on the whole rural population, from whom the troops are raised. "Russia," says M. Schédo-Ferroti, "is a State militarily organized. Everything in our country breathes of arms, and people of the most unwarlike professions are obliged to put

on the uniform of soldiers." The profession of arms has always been regarded in Russia as the noblest pursuit in life—the only one that a man of a certain social position could follow, or that led to rapid advancement. The reason of this preponderance of the army is thus explained by the Russians themselves :—

At its origin the Russian monarchy already occupied a vast territory comprising the sources of six great rivers—the Northern Dwina, the Volchow, communicating with the sea by Lake Ladoga, and the Neva, the Duna, the Dnieper, the Don, and the Volga. All these great streams flowed into territories not then subject to Russian dominion, except the Northern Dwina, the mouth of which was Russian but inaccessible to trade, as the passage to the White Sea was only discovered by the English in 1553. Thus, a great political body was circumscribed within narrow limits, which, as it were, suffocated it; it had to spread in order to breathe; it had to conquer the mouths of the rivers crossing its territory or to perish. Hence that tendency to conquest which may be traced in any reign from Rurik to our own time. (Schédo-Ferroti. *Etude v.*, p. 3.)

If this be the true explanation of the Russian policy of military aggression it must be acknowledged that the cause assigned has long ceased to be operative. Russia reached the mouths of her rivers long ago, and has got beyond them, unless the Danube is also to be reckoned as a Russian stream. Yet the exertions of the Russian government to augment its military forces were never greater than they have been in the last six years. She had already the power to bring half a million of men into the field. But the grand measure of universal conscription sanctioned by the ukase of January, 1, 1875, will add another half million to that number of her active troops, and another million to the reserve. These enormous forces can only be raised and maintained for aggressive purposes. The territory of Russia is invulnerable. Nobody has the slightest interest in attacking it, unless she begins by attacking some one else. If attacked, as she was in 1812, she may rely on her climate, her extent, and the patriotism of her population for effectual defence. Setting aside ambitious consider-

ations, we should say that to burden a poor and thinly peopled country with the maintenance of an enormous army is the most mischievous policy that can be conceived. It is a perpetual drain on the manhood of the empire. It enormously weakens its productive powers. It leads to a frightful waste of life. When the emperor Nicholas once expressed his surprise at the inferiority of the men in his army to the seamen of his fleet, in point of discipline and condition, Count Woronzow replied that what the army wanted was "more food and less drill." Hundreds of thousands of human beings have been sacrificed in the last fifty years to the stupid pride of exhibiting to the world the shows and pageants of a great military establishment. What renders this state of things still more lamentable and extraordinary is that the Russians are not a warlike or combative people. Even in their drinking bouts they do not fight. They are entirely ignorant of all that goes on abroad, and entirely indifferent to glory. Nor can any conceivable benefit accrue to the people of Russia by threatening and molesting their neighbors or by the acquisition of territory of which they have already more than enough. If their country were attacked they would defend it with undaunted courage, but as a race of men there is no people in the world less disposed to slaughter their neighbors. Military service is with them the result of absolute, blind, unquestioning obedience. They submit to it as they submit to a law of nature, because they are docile and brave. Yet surely military service as it is understood in Russia is the most detestable form of slavery; for a peaceful peasant is converted by it, without the least will of his own, into a blood-hound, a destroyer, or a victim. And this burden is now hung with redoubled weight upon the back of every peasant in the empire. The whole community is crushed by it. Military service is the primary obligation of life, and must affect every other relation of society. We think therefore that in omitting all notice of the Russian army, and of the new organization of it, Mr. Wallace has lost sight of the most important feature in the whole question.

Not less unaccountable is his omission of any general view of the system of Russian finance; for the amount of taxation borne by every member of the community is an essential element in the condition of the people, whilst the total revenue of the empire and the mode in which it is raised is the true measure of its power. We come here and there in this book on a detail which leads us to suppose that the burden of taxation is enormous in relation to the wealth of the people. Thus Mr. Wallace gives us what he terms the budget of a family of five persons in northern Russia in a good year. He estimates their income at 12*l.* 5*s.* (English money), derived principally from the sale of game and fish or caviare. Their outgoings are as follows:—

	<i>L s. d.</i>
Rye-meal (2,240 lb.) to supply the deficiency of the harvest	7 0 0
Taxes	2 5 0
Clothes and boots	2 10 0
Fishing Tackle, Powder and Shot, etc.	0 10 0
	<hr/> 12 5 0

So that if these figures are correct, the taxes amount to more than a sixth of their available income. In another place he computes the rate of taxation at twenty-three roubles and three quarters per homestead, or more than 3*l.* In addition to this direct taxation, the excise on spirits, which is the main stay of the Russian revenue, is of course paid by the inordinate drunken habits of the peasantry. The returns of the poll-tax and land-tax amount in round numbers to fifteen millions sterling, and of the excise on spirits to twenty-five millions—forty millions sterling levied on sixty millions of peasants, for these are taxes which sit lightly on the upper classes and on the towns: they are paid by the bulk of the rural population. We should be disposed to infer from certain notices on the subject scattered through this book, that there is hardly any population in the world more severely taxed than the Russian peasantry. Take for example India. Some of the accounts of the ceded western districts recently passed through our hands, from which it appeared that the rate of taxation was not more than one

*shilling and three pence* a head ! We cannot attempt to reconcile or explain so enormous a difference. Probably the data of the calculations are different. But these are precisely the points on which we looked to an accomplished writer like Mr. Wallace for information ; and if his book had any claim to completeness, he ought to have given us at least as full an account of the finances of Russia, as has recently been done by Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and he ought especially to have shown the effects of the financial system on the people. At the present moment Russia is burdened with a debt of three hundred millions sterling, bearing interest at five per cent., two-thirds of which are held abroad, and the interest must be paid in gold, whilst the entire monetary transactions of the empire are carried on in a depreciated paper currency. These facts alone are of the gravest significance, but Mr. Wallace says nothing about them.

One of the oddest things in Russia is that the very ministers who govern upon the present system are the men most alive to its defects and evil consequences. The minister of finance is, we are informed, a very able and intelligent man, and a strong free-trader : the minister of war has also been remarkable in the last few months for his strenuous and consistent resistance to the party who clamor for war. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. A poll-tax, a brandy-shop tax, and exorbitant custom duties are the three worst forms of taxation ; and it would be interesting to trace the effects of these fiscal expedients on Russia. The more we learn of that country, the more it seems to us to be governed on principles of public economy and administration diametrically opposite to those which are generally accepted and practised in western Europe. Russia would increase her strength, wealth, and well-being far more by the introduction of a few sound ideas of government, than by raising immense armies to threaten or invade adjacent provinces, scarcely more barbarous than a great portion of her own dominions. If she laid aside her aggressive weapons, she would find nothing more easy than to enter into a cordial alliance with this country for instance. It is her army and diplomacy that keep her at arm's length from civilized Europe, and make her an object of not unmerited suspicion. No conquests and no successful intrigues in foreign countries can compensate her for the loss of the confidence and esteem of the world.

Even for the purposes of diplomacy and war the present standard of statesmen and commanders in Russia cannot be reckoned very high. Although nobody doubts that the present century has witnessed a constant and continual increase in the bulk of the Russian empire — the extent of its territory, the numbers of its subjects and its soldiers, and the nominal amount of its revenue and its debt, we question whether Russia in the nineteenth century occupies a position of as great relative importance in the affairs of Europe as the Russia of Peter the Great and of Catherine II. Those were sovereigns of genius, in spite of their profligacy and their crimes ; they attracted to their service a long array of able statesmen and successful generals ; their reigns were a series of victories and conquests over the Swedes, the Poles, and the Turks. They established and consolidated an empire. The Russians, always an imitative people, borrowed or reflected the taste, the culture, and the liberal philosophy of France. It was Falconet who placed the statue of Peter on his rock ; it was another Frenchman, Montferrand, who raised the sumptuous dome of the Isaac Church. During the reign of Catherine, especially, Russia exercised a direct and powerful influence on the politics of Europe : there was not a power which did not court her alliance or dread her hostility. The wars of the French Revolution broke the French political and social connection, though the use of the French language in Russia still remains. But the alliances and sympathies of the court became German. The gallant national defence of Russia in 1812, and the part she took in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, effaced the humiliation of Austerlitz, and raised the emperor Alexander to a great position in Europe. That indeed was the culminating height of power and influence ever attained by a Russian sovereign. But the long reign of his brother Nicholas is now, by common consent, regarded as a disastrous and disgraceful failure. His policy was altogether based on an insolent and brutal system of compression at home and abroad : and when the day of trial came, and the vast military preparations of his life were brought to the test of war, they speedily collapsed and buried the czar himself under their ruins. The reign of his son has been rendered illustrious by his attachment to the cause of peace and by the emancipation of the serfs. The empire has made considerable internal progress. There has even been some growth of a

national literature and symptoms of popular life. But we see no indications whatever of greatness. There is no Russian in existence who can be said to enjoy or to deserve a first-class European fame. Two or three intriguers of low calibre in the Foreign Office at Petersburg pass for their greatest statesmen. Count Moltke relates in his amusing letters written from Moscow at the time of the coronation that there are eight thousand generals in Russia, and that the emperor has about one hundred and eighty of them attached to his person. But at this moment, no Russian general is known to exist capable of inspiring confidence to a great army or to direct the intricate strategical movements of three hundred thousand men. A grand duke, notoriously incapable, was placed at the head of the army of Bessarabia. The chief command was even offered to a Prussian! In the war of 1854, the Russian army produced one very able engineer, Todtlenben; but that was all. It may be inferred from these facts that although the bulk of the Russian establishments has increased, the intellectual power to direct them to the great ends of politics and war falls very far short of what it was a hundred years ago.

The reforms and improvements which have been introduced in Russia from the days of Peter the Great to the days of Alexander II. have, in fact, all originated with the supreme power of the court. Mr. Wallace says truly:—

The political [he means social] history of Russia during the last two centuries may be briefly described as a series of revolutions effected peaceably by the autocratic power. Each young energetic sovereign has attempted to inaugurate a new epoch by thoroughly remodelling the administration according to the most approved foreign political philosophy of the time. Institutions have not been allowed to grow spontaneously out of popular wants, but have been invented by bureaucratic theorists to satisfy wants of which the people were still unconscious. The administrative machine has therefore derived little or no motive force from the people, and has always been kept in motion by the unaided energy of the central government. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the repeated attempts of the government to lighten the burdens of centralized administration by creating organs of local self-government should have been eminently unsuccessful. ("Wallace's Russia," vol. i., p. 344.)

And in another place:—

It may seem strange to Englishmen that rulers should voluntarily take upon themselves

the Herculean task of regulating the relative numerical force of the different social classes, when it might be much better fulfilled by the principle of supply and demand, without legislative interference; but it must be remembered that the Russian government has always placed more confidence in bureaucratic wisdom than in the instincts and common sense of the people. (Vol. i., p. 441.)

Strangely enough in speaking of the correction of administrative abuses in another part of his work, this writer says exactly the reverse:—

The only effectual remedy for administrative abuses lies in placing the administration under public control. This has been abundantly proved in Russia. All the efforts of the tsars during many generations to check the evil by means of ingenious bureaucratic devices proved utterly fruitless. Even the iron will and gigantic energy of Nicholas were insufficient for the task. But when, after the Crimean War, there was a great moral awakening and the tsar *called the people to his assistance*, the stubborn, deep-rooted evils immediately disappeared. For a time venality and extortion were unknown, and since that period they have never been able to regain their old force. (Vol. i., pp. 323-4.)

We are greatly surprised to learn that those "stubborn, deep-rooted evils *immediately disappeared*" under so simple a process, or that the tsar ever "called the people to his assistance." But the truth is, judging from Mr. Wallace's own testimony in several other places, that these statements are loose and exaggerated.

The leading characteristics of Russia are that she possesses an enormous territory, with a wretched soil, at least in the northern provinces, a rigorous climate, and a thin population. A country forty times as large as France, has only twice the number of inhabitants. In European Russia the population is about fourteen souls to the square verst; that of Great Britain would be one hundred and fourteen to the same area. Add to this that Russia is, for the most part, without coal-fields, the great source of artificial power. Such a country, be its size what it may, must be poor and weak — perhaps the poorer and the weaker for its great magnitude.

To understand what Russia is we must look in the first place to the distribution of this scanty population. Of the seventy-seven million subjects of the czar, nearly sixty-four million belong to the rural classes. The nobles may be reckoned at about one million; the priests and monks at seven hundred thousand; the town

classes at seven million ; the military classes at four million seven hundred and sixty-nine thousand. There is, therefore, an immense preponderance of the rural classes or peasantry. But the classes included in what are called "towns" must be further reduced ; a great many of them are still peasants. In European Russia, excluding Finland, the Baltic provinces, Lithuania, Poland, and the Caucasus, there are only one hundred and twenty-seven towns ; of these only twenty-five contain more than twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and *only eleven* more than fifty thousand. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa are the only pure Russian cities of importance. The more intelligent and cultivated urban population bears therefore a remarkably small portion to the large mass of the nation. The merchant class in European Russia, Mr. Wallace says, numbers (including wives and children) about four hundred and sixty-six thousand ; the burghers four million and thirty-three thousand ; and the artisans about two hundred and sixty thousand. Attempts were made by Peter and by Catherine to create a *bourgeoisie*, and to confer upon it the privileges of municipal government.

The truth is that the whole system had been arbitrarily imposed on the people, and had no motive power except the imperial will. Had that motive power been withdrawn, and the burghers left to regulate their own municipal affairs, the system would immediately have collapsed. Rathhaus, burgomasters, guilds, aldermen, and all other lifeless shadows which had been called into existence by imperial ukaze would instantly have vanished into space. In this fact we have one of the characteristic traits of Russian historical development compared with that of western Europe. In the west, monarchy had to struggle with municipal institutions to prevent them from becoming too powerful ; in Russia, it had to struggle with them to prevent them from committing suicide or dying of inanition. (Vol. i., p. 263.)

He does not give the merchants a very good character.

The two great blemishes on the character of the Russian merchants as a class are, according to general opinion, their ignorance and their dishonesty. As to the former of these there cannot possibly be any difference of opinion. The great majority of the merchants do not possess even the rudiments of education. Many of them can neither read nor write, and are forced to keep their accounts in their memory, or by means of ingenious hieroglyphics, intelligible only to the inventor. Others can decipher the calendar and the lives

of the saints, can sign their names with tolerable facility, and can make the simpler arithmetical calculations with the help of a little calculating instrument called *sichety*, which resembles the *abaca* of the old Romans, and is universally used in Russia. It is only the minority who understand the mysteries of regular book-keeping, and of these very few can make any pretensions to being educated men. Already, however, symptoms of a change for the better in this respect are noticeable. Some of the rich merchants are now giving to their children the best education which can be procured, and already a few young merchants may be found who can speak one or two foreign languages and may fairly be called educated men. Unfortunately many of these forsake the occupations of their forefathers and seek distinction elsewhere. In this way the mercantile class constantly loses a considerable portion of that valuable leaven which may ultimately leaven the whole lump.

As to the dishonesty which is said to be so common among the Russian commercial classes, it is difficult to form an accurate judgment. That an enormous amount of unfair dealing does exist there can be no possible doubt, but it must be admitted that in this matter a foreigner is likely to be unduly severe. . . . The dishonesty and rascality which exist among the merchants are fully recognized by the Russians themselves. In all moral affairs the lower classes in Russia are very lenient in their judgments, and are strongly disposed, like the Americans, to admire what is called in transatlantic phraseology "a smart man," though the smartness is known to contain a large admixture of dishonesty ; and yet the *vox populi* in Russia emphatically declares that the merchants as a class are unscrupulous and dishonest. (Vol. i., pp. 273-5.)

Our business is not, however, with their honesty, but with the capacity of these representatives of the middle class for self-government ; and in this respect, as it seems to us, they totally fail, notwithstanding the laudable attempts of the crown to extend their municipal powers. It would seem that public duties in Russia, when they are not accompanied by official rank and rewards, are commonly regarded as a burden and a snare.

Mr. Wallace introduces us to a very interesting experiment of this kind, with which we were not previously acquainted, as it originated with the liberal movement of opinion in 1864, and has only been in operation a few years. This institution is called the "Zemstvo," an elective county or provincial assembly, somewhat resembling the *conseils généraux* of France.

The Zemstvo is a kind of local administration which supplements the action of the rural communes, and takes cognizance of those higher public wants which individual com-

munes cannot possibly satisfy. Its principal duties are to keep the roads and bridges in proper repair, to provide means of conveyance for the rural police and other officials, to elect the justices of peace, to look after primary education and sanitary affairs, to watch the state of the crops and take measures against approaching famine, and in short to undertake, within certain clearly defined limits, whatever seems likely to increase the material and moral well-being of the population. In form the institution is parliamentary—that is to say, it consists of an assembly of deputies which meets at least once a year, and of a permanent executive bureau elected by the assembly from among its members. (Vol. i., pp. 326-7.)

What surprised me most in this assembly was that it was composed partly of nobles and partly of peasants—the latter being decidedly in the majority—and that no trace of antagonism seemed to exist between the two classes. Landed proprietors and their *ci-devant* serfs evidently met for the moment on a footing of equality. The discussions were always carried on by the nobles, but on more than one occasion peasant members rose to speak, and their remarks, always clear, practical, and to the point, were invariably listened to with respectful attention by all present. Instead of that violent antagonism which might have been expected considering the constitution of the assembly, there was a great deal too much unanimity—a fact indicating plainly that the majority of the members did not take a very deep interest in the matters presented to them. (Vol. i., pp. 328-9.)

This is an entirely modern institution, created about ten years ago by the emperor to lighten the duties and correct the abuses of the imperial administration by means of local self-government. At first it was wonderfully well received and great things were expected of it. But those hopes have already been disappointed. These assemblies have been entirely deprived of all political signification—that of Petersburg was closed by imperial command, and several of the leading members banished the capital. Some local improvements were effected by them, but (as is too often the case with elected boards) the rates were raised in three years from five million roubles to thrice that sum; and very shortly the enthusiasm which greeted the institution wore off. Its members were unpaid. Its duties were uninviting. Mr. Wallace thinks that the Russians have made great progress in their political education. He is inclined to believe the Zemstvo may outlive its present state of lethargy; but he adds, "It may possibly die of inanition or be swept away by some new explosion of reforming enthusiasm before it has had time to strike root;" and he concludes

the chapter by a painful allusion to Jonah's gourd.

If Mr. Wallace fails to show that there are elements of freedom and intelligent self-government in the middle classes and the provincial institutions of Russia, he turns with greater confidence to the peculiar communal organization of the rural districts called the *Mir*. To study the effects of the common property in land, and of its periodical re-distribution, which are the striking peculiarities of the Russian village system, and to report upon the results of serf-emancipation, were the two main objects Mr. Wallace proposed to himself in visiting Russia. He seems to have been very slightly acquainted with the enormous amount of literature, German as well as Russian, to which the discussion of these subjects has given birth. A writer might easily, without any personal knowledge of a Russian village or even of the Russian tongue, make himself well acquainted with all the leading facts and points of this great controversy. They may be found in a compendious form in Herr Eckardt's interesting volume, or in J. Keussler's "*Geschichte des bauerlichen Grundbesitzes in Russland*;" or in much greater length in the reports of the great commission of inquiry which sat in 1872 under the presidency of M. Walujew, now minister of the imperial domains, which examined no less than nine hundred and fifty-eight witnesses of all ranks. To this report Mr. Wallace occasionally refers; he tells us that he was favored with a copy of it, and also of the evidence on which the commission proceeded, and that he himself had some hand in collecting a part of these details. In short, the materials are extremely abundant, and we regret that Mr. Wallace has not made more use of them. He tells us that when he arrived in Russia his knowledge of the subject was elementary and superficial. It is true that a man might very easily be led astray by much that has been written about it, and Mr. Wallace himself does not appear even now to have gone very deeply into the question.

When Baron Haxthausen visited Russia in 1842, and published his work on that country in the following year, he disclosed to the world, and even to the Russians themselves, the remarkable social phenomena of the communal tenure of land. His ideas were eagerly taken up by a circle of youthful and enthusiastic students and professors at Moscow, whose national ambition conceived for their

country the glorious mission of regenerating society and the world. Here, in this fact, of the common tenure and periodical division of village lands, they conceived that they had found the secret of Russia's greatness—the true grit, the solid gneiss, underlying the artificial creations of Peter and of Catherine. This one principle was to end the eternal warfare of rich and poor—to extinguish the odious distinctions of classes and ranks—to abolish the selfishness of property—to found on communism the empire of the East, and to prepare men for the exercise and enjoyment of absolute freedom. The abolition of serfage by the great act of February 19, 1861, left the natural forces of Russian society to their full and free expansion; and the dawn of the second millennium of the Russian empire was to rouse the Slavonian races into active life, from the Vistula to the farthest East. These were, and are, in part the visionary hopes of the great Slavophil party, whose influence is certainly not unfelt in the political events of the present day. They started from the fundamental principle that society was to be based on the subjection of all personal rights of property and freedom to the common interest; and that the Russian communal village is, and has long been, the type of the very condition to which many of the most advanced thinkers of the present age and of western Europe would bring mankind. This was to be the new "formula of civilization"—the new light of the world. The communistic institutions of the Russian democracy would eventually prevail over the aristocracies and monarchies of western Europe—over the ruins of the feudal system—over the claims of private property and personal freedom. No doubt there is a good deal in the writings of Comte and Mill which tends in the same direction, and the works of Mr. Mill especially enjoy a vast popularity in Russia, where they probably receive an interpretation he himself would not have put upon them. Mr. Wallace does not accept all this extravagance, but he has not entirely escaped the infection, and he is not quite strong enough or sound enough in his own principles of political economy to expose, as he might otherwise have done, the folly and danger of these paradoxes. He seems to think that when the world has outgrown the Whig prejudices and the Liberal opinions of the present day, there is a good time coming when the really advanced thinkers and politicians of a future age will have reduced society

to the dead level of a servile democracy, wielding by mere force of numbers an unlimited power over each of its members. That is not a form of freedom and society we desire to live under. But we must leave Mr. Wallace to give us his own account of the Mir itself. He regards the Russian village as a sort of enlarged undivided family, and this may very likely have been its origin.

In both there is a certain amount of common property: in the one case the house and nearly all that it contains, and in the other the arable land and pasture. In both cases there is a certain amount of common responsibility: in the one case for all the debts, and in the other for all the taxes and communal obligations. And both are protected to a certain extent against the ordinary legal consequences of insolvency, for the family cannot be deprived of its house or necessary agricultural implements, and the commune cannot be deprived of its land, by importunate creditors.

On the other hand, there are many important points of contrast. The commune is, of course, much larger than the family, and the mutual relations of its members are by no means so closely interwoven. The members of a family all farm together, and those of them who earn money from other sources are expected to put their savings into the common purse; whilst the households composing a commune farm independently, and pay into the common treasury only a certain fixed sum. (Vol. i., pp. 183-4.)

Amongst the families composing a Russian village, a state of isolation is impossible. The heads of the households must often meet together and consult in the village assembly, and their daily occupations must be influenced by the communal decrees. They cannot begin to mow the hay or plough the fallow field until the village assembly has passed a resolution on the subject. If a peasant becomes a drunkard, or takes some equally efficient means to become insolvent, every family in the village has a right to complain, not merely in the interests of public morality, but from selfish motives, because all the families are collectively responsible for his taxes. For the same reason no peasant can permanently leave the village without the consent of the commune, and this consent will not be granted until the applicant gives satisfactory security for the fulfilment of all his actual and future liabilities. If a peasant wishes to go away for a short time, in order to work elsewhere, he must obtain a written permission, which serves him as a passport during his absence; and he may be recalled at any moment by a communal decree. In reality he is rarely recalled so long as he sends home regularly the full amount of his taxes—including the dues which he has to pay for the temporary passport—but sometimes the commune uses the power of recall for the purpose of extorting money from the absent member. If it becomes known, for

instance, that an absent member receives a good salary in one of the towns, he may one day receive a formal order to return at once to his native village, and be informed at the same time, unofficially, that his presence will be dispensed with if he will send to the commune a certain amount of money. The money thus sent is generally used by the commune for convivial purposes. Whether this method of extortion is frequently used by the communes, I cannot confidently say, but I suspect that it is by no means rare, for one or two cases have accidentally come under my own observation, and I know that the police of St. Petersburg have been recently ordered not to send back any peasants to their native villages until some proof is given that the ground of recall is not a mere pretext.

In order to understand the Russian village system, the reader must bear in mind these two important facts : the arable land and the pasturage belong not to the individual houses, but to the commune, and all the households are collectively and individually responsible for the entire sum which the commune has to pay annually into the imperial treasury. (Vol. i., pp. 185-6.)

Now in Russia, so far at least as the rural population is concerned, the payment of taxes is inseparably connected with the possession of land. Every peasant who pays taxes is supposed to have a share of the arable land and pasturage belonging to the commune. If the communal revision lists contain a hundred names, the communal land ought to be divided into a hundred shares, and each "revision soul" should enjoy his share in return for the taxes which he pays. (Vol. i., pp. 187-8.)

The census list determines how much land each family will hold, and therefore what taxes they will have to pay, at each periodical revision. There have been only ten revisions since 1719. But in Russia the possession of a share of the communal land is often not a privilege but a burden. In some communes the land is so poor and abundant that it cannot be let at any price. The allotment itself is made by the assembly of the village, of which all the heads of households are members, and the decrees of this body are absolute and imperative. Arrived at this point Mr. Wallace makes a grand discovery — "a statement to be heralded in by a flourish of trumpets." He tells us that "in the great stronghold of Cæsarian despotism and centralized bureaucracy these village communities are capital specimens of representative constitutional government of the extreme democratic type." Surely a moment's reflection would have satisfied Mr. Wallace that whatever these assemblies are they are not representative. The essence of political representation is the choice by the people of a deputy or del-

egate to act on their behalf. Here all the heads of households meet on the village green to manage their own affairs. They are pure democracies of the old Greek type — not in the slightest degree representative or constitutional in the English or any other sense. The only person they elect is their own *volost* or headman, whose powers are small and whose office is not coveted or even respected. The business is carried on by acclamation.

The assembly discusses all matters affecting the communal welfare, and, as these matters have never been legally defined, and there is no means of appealing against its decisions, its recognized competence is very wide. It fixes the time for making the hay, and the day for commencing the ploughing of the fallow field ; it decrees what measures shall be employed against those who do not punctually pay their taxes ; it decides whether a new member shall be admitted into the commune, and whether an old member shall be allowed to change his domicile ; it gives or withholds its permission to erect new buildings on the communal land ; it prepares and signs all contracts which the commune makes with one of its own members or with a stranger ; it interferes, whenever it thinks necessary, in the domestic affairs of its members ; it elects the elder — as well as the communal tax-collector and watchman, where such offices exist — and the communal herd-boy ; above all, it divides and allots the communal land among its members as it thinks fit.

Of all these various proceedings the English reader may naturally assume that the elections are the most noisy and exciting. In reality this is a mistake. The elections produce little excitement, for the simple reason that, as a rule, no one desires to be elected. Once, it is said, a peasant who had been guilty of some misdemeanor was informed by an arbiter of the peace — a species of official of which I shall have much to say in the sequel — that he would be no longer capable of filling any communal office ; and instead of regretting this diminution of his civil rights, he bowed very low, and respectfully expressed his thanks for the new privilege which he had acquired. This anecdote may not be true, but it illustrates the undoubtedly fact that the Russian peasant regards office as a burden rather than as an honor. There is no civic ambition in those little rural commonwealths, whilst the privilege of wearing a bronze medal, which commands no respect, and the reception of a few roubles as salary, afford no adequate compensation for the trouble, annoyance, and responsibility which a village elder has to bear. The elections are therefore generally very tame and uninteresting. (Vol. i., pp. 198-200.)

This vaunted Mir is in fact a vestry meeting of all the householders : but to describe it by pompous names implying a

representative character or any share of political power is an absurd misnomer. It has no political power; but it has social power over its own members, and that of the most harsh and arbitrary kind; in reality it much more resembles an instrument of despotism than an institution of freedom. Thus, Mr. Wallace informs us in the latter part of his book, that "the Mir may, by a communal decree and without a formal trial, have any of its unruly members transported to Siberia"!—surely no tyranny can go beyond that, though it is accompanied by the strange qualification that "they are not sent to work in the mines, but are settled as colonists on unoccupied lands beyond the Ural Mountains." The peasant has been emancipated from the bonds of serfdom to the lord; but he is still the slave of the Mir. Indeed, the first of the fundamental principles of the emancipation act was that the authority of the former proprietor should be replaced by the self-governing commune. The peasant lands have been given not to the individual or to the family (except the homestead) but to the commune; and the peasant is bound to share the labors and the fiscal burdens and military obligations of his commune by bonds he cannot shake off. They are all the more strict and imperative, that they are imposed by his own equals; that his life is absorbed in theirs, and that he never can escape from them. If he departs, the Mir may recall him. If he stays to cultivate his share of land, the Mir may deprive him of it at the next distribution. One of the curious effects of this state of things is that it deters the peasant from keeping cattle. "There are two events alike," says Mr. Wallace, "which the peasant may be supposed to fear. In the first place part of his cattle may be sold by auction by the imperial police for communal arrears, though he may have paid in full his own share of the taxes and dues; and in the second place, the commune may make a general re-distribution of his land and give to others the plots and strips which he has carefully manured for several years." In other words, his cattle may be seized for another man's debts and his land taken from him because he has manured it! A power has been given to the commune by the law of 1861 to redeem the land and convert it into freehold, but nobody has availed himself of it. At present the Russian peasant is rooted in the communal system in which he was born. Let us point out more fully than Mr. Wallace has done some of its conse-

quences; for with these facts before us we cannot assent to Mr. Wallace's peremptory declaration that "certain it is the Russian peasantry have reason to congratulate themselves that *they were emancipated by a Russian autocrat, and 1st by a British House of Commons*; and it is equally certain that in some of the annexed provinces the lower classes enjoy advantages which they would not possess under British rule." Indeed, his own statements as to the present condition of these rural democracies is in flat contradiction to the glowing hopes he entertains of their future destinies. Take the following very candid avowal:—

That the peasant self-government is very far from being in a satisfactory condition must be admitted by any impartial observer. The more laborious and well-to-do peasants do all in their power to escape election as office-bearers, and leave the administration in the hands of the less respectable members. In the ordinary course of affairs there is little evidence of administration of any kind, and in cases of public disaster, such as a fire or a visitation of the cattle-plague, the authorities seem to be apathetic and powerless. Not unfrequently a volost elder trades with the money he collects as dues or taxes; and sometimes, when he becomes insolvent, the peasants have to pay their taxes and dues a second time. The volost court is very often accessible to the influence of *vodka* and other kinds of bribery, so that in many districts it has fallen into utter discredit, and the peasants say that any one who becomes a judge "takes a sin on his soul." The village assemblies, too, have become worse than they were in the days of serfage. At that time the heads of households—who, it must be remembered, have alone a voice in the decisions—were few in number, laborious, and well-to-do, and they kept the lazy, unruly members under strict control; now that the large families have been broken up, and almost every adult peasant is head of a household, the communal affairs are often decided by a noisy majority; and almost any communal decision may be obtained by "treating the Mir"—that is to say by supplying a certain amount of *vodka*. Often have I heard old peasants speak of these things, and finish their recital by some such remark as this: "There is no order now; the people have been spoiled; it was better in the time of the masters." (Vol. ii., pp. 358-9.)

And this is what Mr. Wallace calls a capital specimen of representative constitutional government of an extreme democratic type!

The theory that the original joint proprietorship in land by cultivation under the system of village communities is a remnant of primeval times, which has been

preserved by the peasantry of Russia, though it has been lost in the advancing civilization of western Europe, has been discussed with great learning and ability by Sir Henry Maine, in his work on "Village Communities." As we had occasion to remark, in reviewing that essay,\* he believes in the original distribution even in this country of the arable area into exactly equal portions, corresponding with the number of families in the township; and he holds that the proprietary equality of the families composing the group was at first still further secured by a periodical re-distribution of the several assignments. A vast deal of curious evidence has been collected to show that traces of this ancient "arable mark" may still be discovered in the land tenures, not only of the Slavonic, but of the Teutonic race, though, as we have before had occasion to remark, cultivation does not necessarily imply ownership. But if this theory be accepted, it proves that the system of village joint tenures is not at all peculiar to Russia. Far from having the importance which has been ascribed to it by the Russian economists, as a guide to the future of the world, it must rather be regarded as one of the earliest and least perfect forms of social life, buried in the night of the past, and appropriate only to man in his least civilized condition.† As the ideas of law, property, and freedom advanced these customs fell into desuetude; and they only now exist in communities in which the ideas of law, property, and freedom are still wanting. If the whole question rested on the evidence of antiquity and tradition, we should say that these village communities only continue to exist in Russia, because the Russian peasantry

is still the most barbarous in Europe, not having risen even to the conception and practice of individual property and the undisturbed possession of land for agricultural purposes. British statesmen have some experience of the village communal system as it exists in India, where in some places lands have been held in commonality from time immemorial by the villagers, and certain village officers exist whose duty it is to protect the interests of the community, more especially by the distribution of water, that essential of tropical cultivation and life. The hereditary headman and punchayet of an Indian village is a far more rational system of local government than the Russian Mir. But it is only in very few parts of India (if at all) that the periodical mutation of land exists as in Russia; and no one ever supposed that the system of the Indian village communities was adapted to an advanced state of civilization.

But we dismiss these archaeological considerations, which rest on very faint historical evidence, and certainly would not suffice to explain the continuance of this singular tenure of land in Russia to the present day. For this important social fact a far more practical cause may be assigned, though it is one which does not appear to have attracted the attention of Mr. Wallace. In a word, the common tenure of land has, we believe, been perpetuated in Russia mainly for *fiscal* purposes. As a large portion of the revenue of the empire is drawn from a poll-tax and a tax on land, it was far more convenient to the State to deal with the village communities collectively, than to levy these taxes on the peasant individually—the more so as all the members of a village community thus became jointly and severally liable for the fiscal dues of one another. Viewed in this light the Russian Mir is not an embryo of democratic freedom and self-government, but an instrument of fiscal oppression. The State calls upon the Mir for a certain amount of taxation. The Mir apportions this taxation by the very act of apportioning the land of the community, because, as Mr. Wallace points out, the burden and the land are inseparably connected, and sometimes the burden exceeds the advantage. This liability affects all alike—those present and those absent, the industrious and the idle, the sober and the drunken, the widow and orphan who have the misfortune to hold a share of land which they cannot till, as well as the robust husbandman with half a dozen sons to cultivate it. It acts there-

\* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cxxxiv., p. 467.

† So in a well-known passage of the "*De Moribus Germanorum*" (cap. xxvi.) Tacitus says, "Agri, pro numero cultorum ab universis in vices occupantur, quos mox inter se, secundum dignationem, partiuuntur: facilitatem partendi camporum spatio praestant. Arva per annos mutant, et superest ager." The *arva* are the cornlands which were divided; the *ager* is the land about the homestead, gardens, or meadows. These peasants remind one of the "campestres Scythæ" and "rigidi Getæ," of whom Horace says, —

"Nec cultura placet longior annus;  
Defunctumque laboribus

"Æquali recreat sorte vicarius."

For, as Professor Stubbs describes this Germanic tenure in his very learned "Constitutional History" (p. 75), "the original gift comes from the community of which the receiver is a member. The gift is of itself mainly of the character of usufruct, the hold is ideal rather than actual; except in his own homestead the freeman can but set foot on the soil and say, 'This is mine this year; next year it will be another's, and that which is another's will be mine then!'" But at the opening of Anglo-Saxon history, absolute ownership of land in severalty was established and becoming the rule.

fore with extreme inequality and injustice; but no one can change or shake off the obligation; and the common interest of the Mir is constantly exercised to enforce payment of the taxes by the direct collective action of the village community on the individual. The introduction and legislation of the system in its present form appears to be coeval with the establishment of serfdom in the sixteenth century. Before that time, the Russian peasant belonging to a village where land was pre-occupied, could migrate to other lands; afterwards, those peasants only became *adscripti glebae* who held a certain portion of land, the *tjäglo*, measured by 12-15 tchetwerts. But the peasants holding under the Church, the monasteries, and the princes, held their land strictly as a private possession, analogous to copyhold. During the period of serfdom, the power of the nobles and landowners increased, but as they were responsible for the dues and service of the peasants under them, it became their interest that, as population increased and migration was impossible, no peasant on whom the poll-tax was levied should be without a portion of land, and for this purpose the periodical distribution of the village lands was encouraged. The fisc can only take cognizance of a landless peasantry through some person or association, whom the law can touch, and they are therefore compelled to put themselves in dependence on some one with whom it can deal as answerable for their forthcoming. When in Russia the lord ceased to be responsible for his serfs and they became free men, as regards him, this dependence and liability was transferred to the Mir or village community, to which each peasant was bound by the obligation to hold land under it and at its pleasure. Since the abolition of serfdom, the peasant is free to seek work elsewhere; the Slavonic races are migratory, and it is not uncommon to meet men in humble life who have visited remote parts of the empire. But go where they may, the power of the Mir is over them, and cannot be shaken off. It is the guarantee of their liability to the State. It is admitted that the power of the Mir over the peasantry has been greatly increased by the act of emancipation.

Mr. Wallace appears to have studied the system of village communities chiefly in the province of Novgorod, where it prevails. But Herr Eckardt states that there are many provinces in northern Russia, such as Archangel, Olonez, Wologda, Wjatka, and Perm, where neither serfdom

nor the concomitant tenure of land were general. In the Northern Dwina private property in land existed from of old, and the system of village communities was first established there by a government circular in the year 1829—a fact which throws light on the nature and utility of the institution for fiscal purposes.

The opinion that the Russian Mir is a real element of self-government by the people is, we believe, equally unfounded. In no country in the world is the entire administration so centralized and so bureaucratic as in Russia. M. Schédo-Ferroti speaks of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand civil officers of the State, who have to interpret and apply to every conceivable relation of life, some fifty thousand rules and ordinances, emanating from the supreme power of the czar. In spite of the increased preponderance of the rural population, the government centres entirely in the towns, which are the seat of official life and power. The peasantry, says Eckardt, are a "*rudis indigestaque moles*" whose leaden weight arrests all progress in the life of the nation. "As long as the autocratic power exists," says Mr. Wallace, "no kind of administration can be exempted from imperial control."

It has been asserted that the distribution of land amongst the peasantry and the authority of the village communities are permanent barriers against the revolutionary doctrines which threaten the existence of some other States. In France, we have no doubt that the great subdivision of land is such a barrier, because every man holds his field or his vineyard in fee-simple, and would die to defend his property. The conservative instinct of the country holds in check the revolutionary passions of the great towns. But in Russia, where no property really exists, but merely temporary possession, Herr Eckardt says positively "The spread of revolutionary ideas in all classes of the Russian nation is an officially recognized fact, which cannot be contested;" and we ourselves have cognizance of a despatch issued by the minister of the interior to the governor of a great province, in which he deplores the frightful extension of the secret revolutionary societies, which permeate the country. Far from believing the social state of Russia based upon these village communities to be more secure than that of the countries where the full rights of private property are recognized and protected by law, there is great reason to believe that this vast empire contains within it ill-regulated forces and desires, which may lead to vio-

lent changes and convulsions. Mr. Wallace has drawn as pleasing a picture as he can of the country and the people amongst whom he has spent some agreeable years. His book has been so generally read that it would be superfluous to load our own pages by quoting the scenes he describes with so much spirit and, we have no doubt, truth. But there is another side to the question, and by way of showing what it is, we shall cite a part of a letter from a Russian country gentleman, published in 1865 by the *Moscow Gazette*, which was then, and is still, one of the most zealous champions of the national party and of reform.

I have been spending [said this writer] this last summer in an estate lying to the south-east of Moscow, which I have long known, and with which my own interests are connected. What, then, did I see before my eyes? Universal depression and apathy, reckless living for the present hour, idleness, drunkenness, and thieving. Everything that occurred, whether great or small, to myself or to others, had its source or origin in one of these vices, whose hateful names I have just written down. Apathy was shown in the cessation of all activity, in the extinction of all enterprise. Upon the accomplishment of the great work of emancipation, most of us were deceived by hopes of the advantages attendant on free labor. We planned improvements, we purchased ploughs and agricultural implements. Money enough was spent, but the thing would not go. The low prices of grain, the excessive rate of wages, above all the impossibility of getting free laborers at any price at all, rendered cultivation by day-laborers impossible. Soon afterwards wages fell, and the price of grain rose. But husbandry did not pay. Why? because of the dissolute and disorderly conduct of the men. No farmer can be certain that his laborers will not all have gone off the next morning, without feeding the horses and cattle, and without lighting the stoves—gone off, not from any dispute, but just because there is a holiday in the next village, and Wanka says to Fedka, "Come along, old fellow, there is a drop to be had there—let us be off." The whole pack of them will come back, may be, in three or four days; but in the mean time the stock have died, and the work of the farm has been stopped. . . . On Mondays nobody works at all, either for himself or any one else. Every saint's day is kept for at least three days. If you hire men by time, you cannot reckon on more than fifteen days work in a month; if by piece-work, it is even worse. What are they all about? Drinking up the money in the brandy-shop; for if you give a man a rouble beforehand, be sure you will never see him again. The sottishness of our peasants has now passed from holidays to working days. They get drunk not in honor

of the saints, but on every possible opportunity. (Eckardt, p. 234.)

To this it must be added that the migratory habits of the male population, leaving the women at home, are the cause of great abuses, and that the worst forms of disease, the result of debauchery, appear by some recent reports to have infected whole provinces of the empire. Efficient medical advice and remedies are, for the most part, quite unattainable.

Those who vaunt the Russian system on the ground that it excludes competition and presents the most complete picture of protected labor, should remember that no country can withdraw itself from competition in the markets of the world, and that Russia herself is competing and must compete in her chief products with countries, younger but more advanced than herself, which have the advantage of a far better climate, a richer soil, and above all of free property in land and the full results of free labor. At this moment, the corn of southern Russia is undersold by the farmers of the United States, and she has to compete at a great disadvantage with California and the valley of the Mississippi. The trade of Russia with England in linseed, which was an export of immense consequence, has been annihilated by the increasing production of oleaginous grains in India and Egypt. The textile fibres of India, especially jute, have also seriously impaired the trade in Russian hemp and flax. The Russian trade in hides and tallow has powerful rivals in the boundless cattle ranges of South America and Australia. And in these countries she is opposed by the ardor and enterprise of the freest and most energetic races of the world. Can Russia support an increasing foreign debt, with decreasing profits of foreign trade?\* Can she even in peace maintain her credit in Europe, let alone the cost of mobilized armies, and wars carried on against wild or impoverished nations, from whom no milliards can be extracted by victory? Mr. Wallace should have

\* The official returns of the trade of Russia for 1875, just published, show a decrease of about fifty million roubles in her exports, over the exports of 1874, though an increase on the exports of 1873. The articles which have fallen off are corn, timber, flax, and linseed. The imports of 1875, on the contrary, largely increased, to the amount of about sixty million roubles. The total value of the exports of 1875 was 382,000,000 roubles; and of the imports 534,056,000, leaving an adverse balance of 152,000,000 to be paid in money or bills. As the borrowing power of Russia in foreign countries is for the present exhausted, she will probably be able to spend less in purchases and imports from foreign markets; and must pay for what she wants in her own produce or in gold.

endeavored to answer these questions. The whole structure of Russian society, and the course of her internal and external policy, might be measured by the standard of finance, correctly applied. That alone can give us the secret of her weakness or her strength. Down to the smallest village community and the brandy-shop, it is, as we have seen, the operation of her fiscal system which retains men in shackles and in debauchery; and as if this were not enough to check the progress of a nation, she adds to it the most burdensome military establishment that ever existed. Mr. Wallace lays it down as an axiom that the finances of Russia are sound, though the peasantry are heavily taxed, and the revenue is inelastic. We wish he had favored us with the ground on which he rests this opinion; which is, we confess, exactly opposed to that we have been led to form.

We turned with some interest to Mr. Wallace's chapter on what he terms "the New Law Courts," by which he means, not any new edifices, but the new system of judicature established in the present reign, which is no doubt an improvement on that which previously existed. But we infer from the loose and inaccurate language in which Mr. Wallace describes legal proceedings, that he has but little acquaintance with the subject. Thus he uses the term "court of revision," instead of the familiar English term "court of review," and says he can find no better English expression to convey his meaning. It is clear, however, from his account of the matter that justice must be very imperfectly administered in a country where there is no bar, and that the persons who plead before these courts are ignorant and corrupt. Trial by jury has been introduced, but Mr. Wallace gives an amusing account of the manner in which a jury of Russian peasants takes the proceedings into its own hands, with a total disregard of the rules of evidence and the obligations of law, acquitting or condemning prisoners according to the view they may take of the general merits of each case.

Upon the whole, although we took up this book with great expectations, we have laid it down with considerable disappointment. Much more might have been made of the materials Mr. Wallace has taken pains to collect, part of which he still holds in reserve. The style is diffuse, and the work clumsily put together, with strange digressions, which, though sometimes amusing, are inappropriate. But we think highly of Mr. Wallace's candor and ve-

racity—the more so as his statements of fact frequently destroy the effect of his reasoning and his opinions. In his zeal to study the peculiar condition of the peasantry, he has left untouched the principal elements of the power and policy of the Russian empire; and there still remains a wide field for his inquiries and observations before he can claim to have made Russia known to the British public.

#### THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF  
"MALCOLM," ETC.

#### CHAPTER LVII.

##### THE SHORE.

IT was two days after the longest day of the year, when there is no night in those regions, only a long twilight in which many dream and do not know it. There had been a few days of variable weather, with sudden changes of wind to east and north, and round again by south to west, and then there had been a calm for several days. But now the little wind there was blew from the north-east, and the fervor of a hot June was rendered more delicious by the films of flavoring cold that floated through the mass of heat. All Portlossie more or less, the Seaton especially, was in a state of excitement, for its little neighbor Scaurnose was more excited still. There the man most threatened, and with greatest injustice, was the only one calm amongst the men, and amongst the women his wife was the only one that was calmer than he. Blue Peter was resolved to abide the stroke of wrong, and not resist the powers that were, believing them in some true sense—which he found it hard to understand when he thought of the factor as the individual instance—ordained of God. He had a dim perception too that it was better that one, and that one he, should suffer, than that order should be destroyed and law defied. Suffering, he might still in patience possess his soul, and all be well with him; but what would become of the country if every one wronged were to take the law into his own hands? Thousands more would be wronged by the lawless in a week than by unjust powers in a year. But the young men were determined to pursue their plan of resistance, and those of the older and soberer who saw the uselessness of it gave themselves little trouble to change the minds of the rest. Peter, although he knew they were

not at rest, neither inquired what their purpose might be, nor allowed any conjecture or suspicion concerning it to influence him in his preparations for departure. Not that he had found a new home. Indeed, he had not heartily set about searching for one — in part because, unconsciously to himself, he was buoyed up by the hope he read so clear in the face of his more trusting wife that Malcolm would come to deliver them. His plan was to leave her and his children with certain friends at Port Gordon: he would not hear of going to the Partans to bring them into trouble. He would himself set out immediately after for the Lewis fishing. Few had gone from Scaurnose or Portlossie. The magnitude of the events that were about to take place, yet more the excitement and interest they occasioned, kept the most of the men at home, and they contented themselves with fishing the waters of the Moray Firth — not without notable success. But what was success with such a tyrant over them as the factor, threatening to harry their nests and turn the sea-birds and their young out of their heritage of rock and sand and shingle? They could not keep house on the waves any more than the gulls. Those who still held their religious assemblies in the cave called the Baillies' Barn met often, read and sang the comminatory Psalms more than any others, and prayed much against the wiles and force of their enemies both temporal and spiritual; while Mr. Crathie went every Sunday to church, grew redder in the nose and hotter in the temper.

Miss Horn was growing more and more uncomfortable concerning events, and dissatisfied with Malcolm. She had not for some time heard from him, and here was his most important duty unattended to — she would not yet say neglected — the well-being of his tenantry left in the hands of an unsympathetic, self-important underling, who was fast losing all the good sense he had once possessed! Were the life and history of all these brave fishermen and their wives and children to be postponed to the pampered feelings of one girl, and that because she was what she had no right to be — namely, his half-sister? said Miss Horn to herself, that bosom friend to whom some people, and those not the worst, say oftener what they do not mean than what they do. She had written to him within the last month a very hot letter indeed, which had afforded no end of amusement to Mrs. Catanach as she sat in his old lodging over the curiositieshop, but, I need hardly say, had not

reached Malcolm; and now there was but one night and the best of all the fisher families would have nowhere to lie down. Miss Horn, with Joseph Mair, thought she did well to be angry with Malcolm.

The blind piper had been very restless all day. Questioned again and again by his Mistress Partan as to what was amiss with him, he had given her odd and evasive answers. Every few minutes he got up — even from cleaning her lamp — to go to the shore. He had not far to go to reach it — had but to cross the threshold, and take a few steps through the *close*, and he was on the road that ran along the sea-front of the village. On the one side were the cottages, scattered and huddled — on the other, the shore and ocean, wide outstretched. He would walk straight across the road until he felt the sand under his feet; there stand for a few moments facing the sea, and, with nostrils distended, breathing deep breaths of the air from the north-east, then turn and walk back to Meg Partan's kitchen and resume his ministrations of light. These his sallies were so frequent, and his absences so short, that a more serene temper than hers might have been fretted by them. But there was something about his look and behavior that, while it perplexed, restrained her, and instead of breaking out upon him she eyed him curiously. She had found that it would not do to stare at him. The moment she began to do so he began to fidget, and turned his back to her. It had made her lose her temper for a moment, and declare aloud as her conviction that he was after all an impostor, and saw as well as any of them.

"She has told you so, Mistress Partan, one hundred thousand times," replied Duncan with an odd smile; "and perhaps she will pe see a little better as any of you, no matter."

Thereupon she murmured to herself, "The cratur' 'ill be seein' something!" and with mingled awe and curiosity sought to lay some restraint upon her unwelcome observation of him.

Thus it went on the whole day, and as the evening approached he grew still more excited. The sun went down and the twilight began, and as the twilight deepened still his excitement grew. Straightway it seemed as if the whole Seaton had come to share in it. Men and women were all out of doors; and, late as it was when the sun set, to judge by the number of bare legs and feet that trotted in and out with a little red flash, with a dull patter-pat on earthen floor and hard road, and

a scratching and hustling among the pebbles, there could not have been one older than a baby in bed; while of the babies even not a few were awake in their mothers' arms, and out with them on the sea-front, where the men, with their hands in their trouser-pockets, were lazily smoking pigtail in short clay pipes with tin covers fastened to the stems by little chains, and some of the women, in short blue petticoats and worsted stockings, were doing the same. Some stood in their doors, talking with neighbors standing in their doors, but these were mostly the elder women: the younger ones—all but Lizzy Findlay—were out in the road. One man half-leaned, half-sat on the windowsill of Duncan's former abode, and round him were two or three more, and some women, talking about Scaurnose, and the factor, and what the lads there would do to-morrow; while the hush of the sea on the pebbles mingled with their talk like an unknown tongue of the Infinite—never articulating, only suggesting—uttering in song and not in speech—dealing not with thoughts, but with feelings and foretastes. No one listened: what to them was the Infinite, with Scaurnose in the near distance? It was now almost as dark as it would be throughout the night if it kept clear.

Once more there was Duncan, standing as if looking out to sea, and shading his brows with his hand as if to protect his eyes from the glare of the sun and enable his sight.

"There's the auld piper again!" said one of the group, a young woman. "He's unco fule-like to be stan'in' that gait (*way*), makin' as gien he cudna weel see for the sun in's een."

"Haud ye yer tongue, lass," rejoined an elderly woman beside her. "There's mair things nor ye ken, as the Beul says. There's een 'at can see an' een 'at canna, an' een 'at can see twise ower, an' een 'at can see steikit what name can see open."

"Ta poat! ta poat of my chief!" cried the seer. "She is coming like a tream of ta night, put one tat will not depart with ta morning!" He spoke as one suppressing a wild joy.

"Wh'll that be, lucky-deddy?" inquired in a respectful voice the woman who had last spoken, while all within hearing hushed each other and stood in silence. And all the time the ghost of the day was creeping round from west to east, to put on its resurrection body and rise new born. It gleamed faint like a cold ashy fire in the north.

"And who will it pe than her own son, Mistress Reekie?" answered the piper, calling her by her husband's nickname, as was usual, but, as was his sole wont, prefixing the title of respect where custom would have employed but her Christian name. "Who'll should it pe put her own Malcolm?" he went on. "I see his poat come round ta Tead Head. She flits over the water like a pale ghost over Morven. But it's ta young and ta strong she is pring-ing home to Tuncan. O m'anam, bean-nuich!"

Involuntarily, all eyes turned toward the point, called the Death's Head, which bounded the bay on the east.

"It's ower dark to see onything," said the man on the window-sill. "There's a bit haair (*fog*) come up."

"Yes," said Duncan, "it 'ill pe too tark for you who haif cot no eyes only to speak of. Put you'll wait a few, and you'll pe seeing as well as herself. Och, her hoy! her hoy! O m'anam! Ta Lort pe praised! and she'll tie in peace, for he'll pe only ta one-half of him a Cam'ell, and he'll pe safed at last as sure as there's a heafen to co to and a hell to co from. For ta half tat's not a Cam'ell must be ta strong half, and it will drag ta other half into heafen—where it will not pe ta welcome howefer."

As if to get rid of the unpleasant thought that his Malcolm could not enter heaven without taking half a Campbell with him, he turned from the sea and hurried into the house, but only to catch up his pipes and hasten out again, filling the bag as he went. Arrived once more on the verge of the sand, he stood again facing the north-east, and began to blow a pibroch loud and clear.

Meantime, the Partan had joined the same group, and they were talking in a low tone about the piper's claim to the second-sight—for although all were more or less inclined to put faith in Duncan, there was here no such unquestioning belief in the marvel as would have been found on the west coast in every glen from the Mull of Cantyre to Loch Eribol—when suddenly Meg Partan, almost the only one hitherto remaining in the house, appeared rushing from the close. "Hech, sirs!" she cried, addressing the Seaton in general, "gien the auld man be in the richt —?"

"She'll pe aal in ta right, Mistress Partan, and tat you'll pe seeing," said Duncan, who, hearing her first cry, had stopped his drone and played softly, listening.

But Meg went on without heeding him

any more than was implied in the repetition of her exordium: "Gien the auld man be i' the richt, it 'll be the marchioness hersel', at's h'ard o' the ill-duin's o' her factor, an' 's comin' to see efter her fowk. An' it 'll be Ma'colm's duin'; an' that 'll be seen. But the bonny laad winna ken the state o' the harbor, an' he'll be makin' for the moo' o' t, an' he'll just rin 's bonny boatie agrun' 'twixen the twa piers; an' that 'll no be a richt hame-comin' for the leddy o' the lan'; an' what's mair, Ma'colm 'ill get the wyte (*blame*) o' t; an' that 'll be seen. Sae ye maun, some o' ye, to the pier-head, an' luik oot to gie them warnin'."

Her own husband was the first to start, proud of the foresight of his wife. "Haith, Meg!" he cried, "ye're maist as guid at the lang sicht as the piper himself!"

Several followed him, and as they ran Meg cried after them, giving her orders as if she had been vice-admiral of the red, in a voice shrill enough to pierce the worst gale that ever blew on northern shore. "Ye'll just tell the bonnie laad to haud wast a bit an' rin her ashore, an' we'll a' be there, an' hae her as dry 's Noah's ark in a jiffie. Tell her leddyship we'll cairry the boat an' her intil't to the tap o' the Boar's Tail gien she'll gie 's her orders. Winna we, laads?"

"We can but try," said one. "But the Fisky 'ill be waur to get a grip o' nor Nancy here," he added, turning suddenly upon the plumpest girl in the place, who stood next to him. But she foiled him of the kiss he had thought to snatch, and turned the laugh from herself upon him, so cleverly avoiding his clutch that he staggered into the road and nearly fell upon his nose.

By the time the Partan and his companions reached the pier-head something was dawning in the vague of sea and sky that might be a sloop, and standing for the harbor. Thereupon the Partan and Jamie Ladle jumped into a small boat and pulled out. Dubs, who had come from Scarnose on the business of the conjuration, had stepped into the stern, not to steer, but to show a white ensign — somebody's Sunday shirt he had gathered as they ran from a furze-bush, where it hung to dry, between the Seaton and the harbor.

"Hoots! ye'll affront the marchioness," objected the Partan.

"Man, i' the gloamin' she'll no ken't frae buntin'," said Dubs, and at once displayed it, holding it by the two sleeves. The wind had now fallen to the softest breath, and the little vessel came on slow-

ly. The men rowed hard, shouting and waving their flag, and soon heard a hail which none of them could mistake for other than Malcolm's. In a few minutes they were on board, greeting their old friend with jubilation, but talking in a subdued tone, for they knew by Malcolm's that the cutter bore their lady. Briefly the Partan communicated the state of the harbor, and recommended porting his helm and running the Fisky ashore about opposite the brass swivel. "A' the men an' women i' the Seaton," he said, "'ill be there to haul her up."

Malcolm took the helm, gave his orders and steered farther westward.

By this time the people on shore had caught sight of the cutter. They saw her come stealing out of the thin dark like a thought half thought, and go gliding along the shore like a sea-ghost over the dusky water, faint, uncertain, noiseless, glimmering. It could be no other than the Fisky! Both their lady and their friend Malcolm must be on board, they were certain, for how could the one of them come without the other? and doubtless the marchioness — whom they all remembered as a good-humored, handsome girl, ready to speak to any and everybody — would immediately deliver them from the hateful red-nosed ogre, her factor. Out at once they all set along the shore to greet her arrival, each running regardless of the rest, so that from the Seaton to the middle of the Boar's Tail there was a long, straggling, broken string of hurrying fisher-folk, men and women, old and young, followed by all the current children, tapering to one or two toddlers, who felt themselves neglected and wept their way along. The piper, too asthmatic to run, but not too asthmatic to walk and play his bagpipes, delighting the heart of Malcolm, who could not mistake the style, believed he brought up the rear, but was mistaken; for the very last came Mrs. Findlay and Lizzy, carrying between them their little deal kitchen-table for her ladyship to step out of the boat upon, and Lizzy's child fast asleep on the top of it.

The foremost ran and ran until they saw that the Fisky had chosen her lair, and was turning her bows to the shore, when they stopped and stood ready with greased planks and ropes to draw her up. In a few minutes the whole population was gathered, darkening, in the June midnight, the yellow sands between the tide and the dune. The Psyche was well manned now with a crew of six. On she came under full sail till within a few yards

of the beach, when in one and the same moment every sheet was let go, and she swept softly up like a summer wave, and lay still on the shore. The butterfly was asleep. But ere she came to rest, the instant indeed that her canvas went fluttering away, thirty strong men had rushed into the water and laid hold of the now wingless Psyche. In a few minutes she was high and dry.

Malcolm leaped on the sand just as the Partaness came bustling up with her kitchen table between her two hands like a tray. She set it down, and across it shook hands with him violently; then caught it up again, and deposited it firm on its four legs beneath the cutter's waist. "Noo, my leddy," said Meg, looking up at the marchioness, "set ye yer bit fut upo' my table, an' we'll think the mair o' t' efter whan we tak oor denner aff o' t'."

Florimel thanked her, stepped lightly upon it, and sprang to the sand, where she was received with words of welcome from many, and shouts which rendered them inaudible from the rest. The men, their bonnets in their hands, and the women curtseying, made a lane for her to pass through, while the young fellows would gladly have begged leave to carry her could they have extemporized any suitable sort of palanquin or triumphal litter.

Followed by Malcolm, she led the way over the Boar's Tail — nor would accept any help in climbing it — straight for the tunnel: Malcolm had never laid aside the key his father had given him to the private doors while he was yet a servant. They crossed by the embrasure of the brass swivel. That implement had now long been silent, but they had not gone many paces from the bottom of the dune when it went off with a roar. The shouts of the people drowned the startled cry with which Florimel turned to Malcolm, involuntarily mindful of old and for her better times. She had not looked for such a reception, and was both flattered and touched by it. For a brief space the spirit of her girlhood came back. Possibly, had she then understood that hope rather than faith or love was at the heart of their enthusiasm, that her tenants looked upon her as their savior from the factor, and sorely needed the exercise of her sovereignty, she might have better understood her position and her duty toward them.

Malcolm unlocked the door of the tunnel, and she entered, followed by Rose, who felt as if she were walking in a dream. But as he stepped in after them he was

seized from behind and clasped close in an embrace he knew at once. "Daddy, daddy!" he said, and turning threw his arms round the piper.

"My poy! my poy! her nain son Malcolm!" said the old man in a whisper of intense satisfaction and suppression. "You'll must pe forsgifing her for coming pack to you. She cannot help losing you, and you must forget tat you are a Cam'ell."

Malcolm kissed his cheek, and said, also in a whisper, "My ain daddy! I hae a heap to tell ye, but I maun see my leddy hame first."

"Co, co, this moment co!" cried the old man, pushing him away. "To your tuities to my leddyship first, and then come to her old daddy."

"I'll be wi' ye in half an hoor or less."

"Coot poy! coot poy! Come to Mistress Partan's."

"Ay, ay, daddy!" said Malcolm, and hurried through the tunnel.

As Florimel approached the ancient dwelling of her race, now her own to do with as she would, her pleasure grew. Whether it was the twilight or the breach in dulling custom, everything looked strange, the grounds wider, the trees larger, the house grander and more anciently venerable. And all the way the burn sang in the hollow. The spirit of her father seemed to hover about the place, and while the thought that her father's voice would not greet her when she entered the hall cast a solemn funeral state over her simple return, her heart yet swelled with satisfaction and far-derived pride. All this was hers to do with as she would, to confer as she pleased! No thought of her tenants, fishers or farmers, who did their strong part in supporting the ancient dignity of her house, had even an associated share in the bliss of the moment. She had forgotten her reception already, or regarded it only as the natural homage to such a position and power as hers. As to owing anything in return, the idea had indeed been presented to her when with Clementina and Malcolm she talked over "St. Ronan's Well," but it had never entered her mind.

The drawing-room and the hall were lighted. Mrs. Courthope was at the door, as if she expected her, and Florimel was careful to take everything as a matter of course.

"When will your ladyship please to want me?" asked Malcolm.

"At the usual hour, Malcolm," she answered.

He turned and ran to the Seaton.

His first business was the accommodation of Travers and Davy, but he found them already housed at the Salmon, with Jamie Ladle teaching Travers to drink toddy. They had left the Psyche snug: she was high above high-water mark, and there were no tramps about: they had furled her sails, locked the companion-door and left her.

Mrs. Findlay rejoiced over Malcolm as if he had been her own son from a far country, but the poor piper, between politeness and gratitude on the one hand and the urging of his heart on the other, was sorely tried by her loquacity: he could hardly get in a word. Malcolm perceived his suffering, and as soon as seemed prudent proposed that he should walk with him to Miss Horn's, where he was going to sleep, he said, that night. Mrs. Partan snuffed, but held her peace. For the third or fourth time that day, wonderful to tell, she restrained herself!

As soon as they were out of the house Malcolm assured Duncan, to the old man's great satisfaction, that, had he not found him there, he would within another month have set out to roam Scotland in search of him.

Miss Horn had heard of their arrival, and was wandering about the house, unable even to sit down until she saw the marquis. To herself she always called him the marquis: to his face he was always Ma'colm. If he had not come she declared she could not have gone to bed; yet she received him with an edge to her welcome: he had to answer for his behavior. They sat down, and Duncan told a long sad story; which finished, with the toddy that had sustained him during the telling, the old man thought it better, for fear of annoying his Mistress Partan, to go home. As it was past one o'clock, they both agreed.

"And if she'll tie to-night, my poy," said Duncan, "she'll pe lie awake in her crave all ta long tarkness to pe waiting to hear ta voice of your worrts in ta morn-ing. And nefer you mind, Malcolm, she'll has learned to forgive you for peing only ta one-half of yourself a cursed Cam-ell."

Miss Horn gave Malcolm a wink, as much as to say, "Let the old man talk: it will hurt no Campbell;" and showed him out with much attention.

And then at last Malcolm poured out his whole story, and his heart with it, to Miss Horn, who heard and received it with understanding, and a sympathy which grew ever as she listened. At length she

declared herself perfectly satisfied, for not only had he done his best, but she did not see what else he could have done. She hoped, however, that now he would contrive to get this part over as quickly as possible, for which in the morning she would show him cogent reasons.

"I hae no feelin's mysel', as ye weel ken, Ma'colm," she remarked in conclusion, "an' I doobt, gien I had been i' your place, I wad na hae luikit ta a' sides o' the thing at ance, as ye hae dune. An' it was a man like you 'at sae near lost yer life for the hizzy!" she exclaimed. "I maunna think aboot it, or I winna sleep a wink. But we maun get that deevil Catanach (an' cat eneuch!) hangt. Weel, my man, ye may haud up yer heid afore the father o' ye, for ye're the first o' the race, I'm thinkin', 'at ever was near han' deein' for anither. But mak ye a speedy en' till 't noo, laad, an' fa' to the lave o' yer wark. There's a terrible heap to be dune. But I maun haud my tongue the nicht, for I wad fain ye had a guid sleep; an' I'm needin' ane sair mysel', for I'm no sae young as I ance was; an' I hae been that anxious aboot ye, Ma'colm, 'at though I never hed ony feelin's, yet, noo 'at it's a' gaein' richt, an' ye're a' richt, an' like to be richt for evermair, my heid's just like to split. Gang yer wa's to yer bed, and soon' may ye sleep! It's the bed yer bonny mither got a soon' sleep in at last, 'an muckle was she i' need o' t'! An' jist tak tent the morn what ye say whan Jean's i' the room, or maybe o' the ither side o' the door, for she's no mowse. I dinna ken what gars me keep the jaud. I believe at gien the verra deevil himsel' had been wi' me sae lang, I wadna haes the hert to turn him aboot his ill business. That's what comes o' haein' no feelin's. Ither fowl wad hae gotten rid o' her half a score o' years sin' syne."

#### CHAPTER LVIII.

##### THE TRENCH.

MALCOLM had not yet, after all the health-giving of the voyage, entirely recovered the effects of the ill-compounded potion. Indeed, sometimes the fear crossed his mind that never would he be the same man again — that the slow furnace of the grave alone would destroy the vile deposit left in his house of life. Hence it came that he was weary, and overslept himself the next morning; but it was no great matter: he had yet time enough. He swallowed his breakfast as a working man alone can, and set out for

Duff Harbor. At Leith, where they had put in for provisions, he had posted a letter to Mr. Soutar, directing him to have Kelpie brought on to his own town, whence he would fetch her himself. The distance was about ten miles, the hour eight, and he was a good enough walker, although boats and horses had combined to prevent him, he confessed, from getting over-fond of Shank's mare. To men who delight in the motions of a horse under them the legs of a man are a tame, dull means of progression, although they too have their superiorityes; and one of the disciplines of this world is to get out of the saddle and walk afoot. He who can do so with perfect serenity must very nearly have learned with Saint Paul in whatsoever state he is, therein to be content. It was the loveliest of mornings, however, to be abroad in upon any terms, and Malcolm hardly needed the resources of one who knew both how to be abased and how to abound — enviable perfection! — for the enjoyment of even a long walk. Heaven and earth were just settling to the work of the day after their morning prayer, and the whole face of things yet wore something of that look of expectation which one who min-gles the vision of the poet with the faith of the Christian may well imagine to be their upward look of hope after a night of groaning and travailing — the earnest gaze of the creature waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God; and for himself, though the hardest thing was yet to come, there was a satisfaction in finding himself almost up to his last fence, with the heavy ploughed land through which he had been floundering nearly all behind him; which figure means that he had 'almost made up his mind what to do.

When he reached the Duff Arms he walked straight into the yard, where the first thing he saw was a stable-boy in the air, hanging on to a twitch on the nose of the rearing Kelpie. In another instant he would have been killed or maimed for life, and Kelpie loose and scouring the streets of Duff Harbor. When she heard Malcolm's voice and the sound of his running feet she dropped as if to listen. He flung the boy aside and caught her halter. Once or twice more she reared in the vain hope of so ridding herself of the pain that clung to her lip and nose, nor did she, through the mist of her anger and suffering, quite recognize her master in his yacht-uniform. But the torture decreasing, she grew able to scent his presence, welcomed him with her usual glad whinny, and allowed him to do with her as he would.

Having fed her, found Mr. Soutar and arranged several matters with him, he set out for home.

That was a ride! Kelpie was mad with life. Every available field he jumped her into, and she tore its element of space at least to shreds with her spurning hoofs. But the distance was not great enough to quiet her before they got to hard turnpike and young plantations. He would have entered at the grand gate, but found no one at the lodge, for the factor, to save a little, had dismissed the old keeper. He had therefore to go on, and through the town, where, to the awe-stricken eyes of the population peeping from doors and windows, it seemed as if the terrible horse would carry him right over the roofs of the fisher-cottages below and out to sea. "Eh, but he's a terrible cratur, that Ma'colm MacPhail!" said the old wives to each other, and felt there must be something wicked in him to ride like that.

But he turned her aside from the steep hill, and passed along the street that led to the town-gate of the House. Whom should he see, as he turned into it, but Mrs. Catanach, standing on her own doorstep, opposite the descent to the Seaton, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking far out over the water through the green smoke of the village below! It had been her wont to gaze thus since ever he could remember her, though what she could at such times be looking for, except it were the devil in person, he found it hard to conjecture. At the sound of his approach she turned; and such an expression crossed her face in a momentary flash ere she disappeared in the house as added considerably to his knowledge of fallen humanity. Before he reached her door she was out again, tying on a clean white apron as she came, and smiling like a dark pool in sunshine. She dropped a low curtsey, and looked as if she had been occupying her house for months of his absence. But Malcolm would not meet even cunning with its own weapons, and therefore turned away his head and took no notice of her. She ground her teeth with the fury of hate, and swore that she would yet disappoint him of his purpose, whatever it were, in this masquerade of service. Her heart being scarcely of the calibre to comprehend one like Malcolm's, her theories for the interpretation of the mystery were somewhat wild and altogether of a character unfit to see the light.

The keeper of the town-gate greeted Malcolm, as he let him in, with a pleased

old face and words of welcome, but added instantly, as if it was no time for the indulgence of friendship, that it was a terrible business going on at the Nose.

"What is it?" asked Malcolm in alarm.

"Ye hae been ower lang awa', I doobt," answered the man, "to ken hoo the factor — But, Lord save ye! haud yer tongue," he interjected, looking fearfully around him. "Gien he kenned 'at I said sic a thing, he wad turn me oot o' hoose an' ha'!"

"You've said nothing yet," returned Malcolm.

"I said *factor*, an' that same's 'maist eneuch, for he's like a roarin' lion an' a ragin' bear amang the people; an' that sin' ever ye gaed. Bow o' Meal said i' the meetin' the ither nicht 'at he bude to be the verra man, the wicket ruler propheseeed o' sae lang sin' syn' i' the beuk o' the Proverbs. Eh! it's an awfu' thing to be foreordeneent to onrichteousness!"

"But you haven't told me what is the matter at Scaurnose," said Malcolm impatiently.

"Ow, it's jist this — 'at this same's Midsummer Day, an' Blue Peter — honest fallow! — he's been for the last three month un'er notice frae the factor to quit. An' sae, ye see —"

"To quit!" exclaimed Malcolm. "Sic a thing was never h'ard tell o'."

"Haith! it's h'ard tell o' noo," returned the gate-keeper. "Quittin' 's as plenty as quicken (*couch-grass*). 'Deed, there's maist naething ither h'ard tell o' *bit* quittin', for the full half o' Scaurnose is un'er like notice for Michaelmas, an' the Lord kens what it'll a' en' in!"

"But what's it for? Blue Peter's no the man to misbehave himself."

"Weel, ye ken mair yersel' nor ony ither as to the warst faut' there is to lay till 's chairege; for they say — that is, *some* say — it's a' yer ain wyte, Ma'colm."

"What mean ye, man? Speyk oot," said Malcolm.

"They say it's a' anent the abduckin' o' the markis's boat, 'at you and him gaed aff wi' thegither."

"That'll hardly haud, seein' the marchioness hersel' cam' hame in her the last nicht."

"Ay, but ye see the decree's gane oot, and what the factor says is like the laws o' the Medes an' Persians, 'at they say 's no to be alert: I kenna mysel'."

"Ow weel, gien that be a', I'll see efter that wi' the marchioness."

"Ay, but ye see there's a lot o' the

laads there, as I'm tellt, 'at has voode 'at factor nor factor's man sall never set fut in Scaurnose frae this day furth. Gang ye doon to the Seaton, an' see hoo mony o' yer auld freen's ye'll fin' there. Man, there a' oot to Scaurnose to see the plisky. The factor he's there, I ken — and some constables wi' 'im — to see 'at his order's cairried oot. An' the laads they hae been fortifeein' the place, as they ca'nt, for the last ook. They've howkit a trenk, they tell me, 'at nane but a hunter on 's horse cud win ower, an' they're postit alang the toon-side o' 't wi' sticks an' stanes an' boat-heuks, an' guns an' pistils. An' gien there bena a man or twa kilt a'ready —"

Before he finished his sentence Kelpie was levelling herself along the road for the sea-gate.

Johnny Bykes was locking it on the other side, in haste to secure his eye-share of what was going on, when he caught sight of Malcolm tearing up. Mindful of the old grudge, also that there was no marquis now to favor his foe, he finished the arrested act of turning the key, drew it from the lock, and to Malcolm's orders, threats, and appeals returned for all answer that he had no time to attend to *him*, and so left him looking through the bars. Malcolm dashed across the burn, and round the base of the hill on which stood the little wind-god blowing his horn, dismounted, unlocked the door in the wall, got Kelpie through, and was in the saddle again before Johnny was halfway from the gate. When the churl saw him he trembled, turned and ran for its shelter again in terror, nor perceived until he reached it that the insulted groom had gone off like the wind in the opposite direction.

Malcolm soon left the high-road and cut across the fields, over which the wind bore cries and shouts mingled with laughter and the animal sounds of coarse jeering. When he came nigh the cart-road which led into the village he saw at the entrance of the street a crowd, and rising from it the well-known shape of the factor on his horse. Nearer the sea, where was another entrance through the back yards of some cottages, was a smaller crowd. Both were now pretty silent, for the attention of all was fixed on Malcolm's approach. As he drew up Kelpie foaming and prancing, and the group made way for her, he saw a deep wide ditch across the road, on whose opposite side was ranged irregularly the flower of Scaurnose's younger manhood, calmly,

even merrily, prepared to defend their entrenchment. They had been chaffing the factor, and loudly challenging the constables to come on, when they recognized Malcolm in the distance, and expectancy stayed the rush of their bruising wit. For they regarded him as beyond a doubt come from the marchioness with messages of good-will. When he rode up, therefore, they raised a great shout, every one welcoming him by name. But the factor—who, to judge by appearances, had had his forenoon dram ere he left home—burning with wrath, moved his horse in between Malcolm and the ditch. He had self-command enough left, however, to make one attempt at the loftily superior. “Pray what is your business?” he said, as if he had never seen Malcolm in his life before. “I presume you come with a message.”

“I come to beg you, sir, not to go farther with this business. Surely the punishment is already enough,” said Malcolm respectfully.

“Who sends me the message?” asked the factor, his lips pressed together and his eyes flaming.

“One,” answered Malcolm, “who has some influence for justice, and will use it upon whichever side the justice may lie.”

“Go to hell!” cried the factor, losing utterly his slender self-command and raising his whip.

Malcolm took no heed of the gesture, for he was at the moment beyond his reach. “Mr. Crathie,” he said, calmly, “you are banishing the best man in the place.”

“No doubt! no doubt! seeing he’s a crony of yours,” laughed the factor in mighty scorn. “A canting, prayer-meeting rascal!” he added.

“Is that ony waur nor a drucken elver o’ the kirk?” cried Dubs from the other side of the ditch, raising a roar of laughter.

The very purple left the factor’s face and turned to a corpse-like gray in the fire of his fury.

“Come, come, my men! that’s going too far,” said Malcolm.

“An’ wha ir ye for a fudgie (*truant*) fisher, to gie coonsele ohn speired?” shouted Dubs, altogether disappointed in the part Malcolm seemed only able to take. “Haud to the factor there wi’ yer counsel!”

“Get out of my way!” said Mr. Crathie through his set teeth, and came straight upon Malcolm. “Home with you,

or-r-r-r—” And again he raised his whip, this time plainly with intent.

“For God’s sake, factor, min’ the mere!” cried Malcolm. “Ribs an’ legs an’ a’ ill be to crack gien ye anger her wi’ yer whuppin’!” As he spoke he drew a little aside, that the factor might pass if he pleased. A noise arose in the smaller crowd, and Malcolm turned to see what it meant: off his guard, he received a stinging cut over the head from the factor’s whip. Simultaneously, Kelpie stood up on end, and Malcolm tore the weapon from the treacherous hand. “If I gave you what you deserve, Mr. Crathie, I should knock you and your horse together into that ditch. A touch of the spur would do it. I am not quite sure that I ought not. A nature like yours takes forbearance for fear.” While he spoke, his mare was ramping and kicking, making a clean sweep all about her. Mr. Crathie’s horse turned restive from sympathy, and it was all his rider could do to keep his seat. As soon as he got Kelpie a little quieter, Malcolm drew near and returned him his whip. He snatched it from his outstretched hand and essayed a second cut at him, which Malcolm rendered powerless by pushing Kelpie close up to him. Then suddenly wheeling, he left him.

On the other side of the trench the fellows were shouting and roaring with laughter.

“Men!” cried Malcolm, “you have no right to stop up this road. I want to go and see Blue Peter.”

“Come on, than!” cried one of the young men, emulous of Dubs’s humor, and spread out his arms as if to receive Kelpie to his bosom.

“Stand out of the way: I’m coming,” said Malcolm. As he spoke he took Kelpie a little round, keeping out of the way of the factor, who sat trembling with rage on his still excited animal, and sent her at the trench. The Deevil’s Jock, as they called him, kept jumping, with his arms outspread, from one place to another, as if to receive Kelpie’s charge; but when he saw her actually coming, in short, quick bounds, straight to the trench, he was seized with terror, and, half paralyzed, slipped as he turned to flee and rolled into the ditch, just in time to see Kelpie fly over his head. His comrades scampered right and left, and Malcolm, rather disgusted, took no notice of them.

A cart, loaded with their little all, the horse in the shafts, was standing at Peter’s door, but nobody was near it. Hardly had

Malcolm entered the close, however, when out rushed Annie, and heedless of Kelpie's demonstrative repellence, reached up her hands like a child, caught him by the arm while yet he was busied with his troublesome charge, drew him down toward her and held him till, in spite of Kelpie, she had kissed him again and again. "Eh, Ma'colm! eh, my lord!" she said, "ye hae saved my faith. I kenned ye wad come."

"Haud yer tongue, Annie: I maunna be kenned," said Malcolm.

"There's nae danger. They'll tak' it for swerin'," said Annie, laughing and crying both at once.

But next came Blue Peter, his youngest child in his arms.

"Eh, Peter, man! I'm blythe to see ye," cried Malcolm. "Gie 's a grup o' yer honest han'."

More than even the sight of his face, beaming with pleasure, more than that grasp of the hand that would have squeezed the life out of a polecat, was the sound of the mother-tongue from his lips. The cloud of Peter's long distrust broke and vanished, and the sky of his soul was straightway a celestial blue. He snatched his hand from Malcolm's, walked back into the empty house, ran into the little closet off the kitchen, bolted the door, fell on his knees in the void little sanctuary that had of late been the scene of so many foiled attempts to lift up his heart, and poured out speechless thanksgiving to the God of all grace and consolation, who had given him back his friend, and that in the time of his sore need. So true was his heart in its love that, giving thanks for his friend, he forgot he was the Marquis of Lossie, before whom his enemy was but as a snail in the sun. When he rose from his knees and went out again, his face shining and his eyes misty, his wife was on the top of the cart, tying a rope across the cradle.

"Peter," said Malcolm, "ye was quite richt to gang, but I'm glaid they didna lat ye."

"I wad hae been halfw'y to Port Gordon or noo," said Peter.

"But noo ye'll no gang to Port Gordon," said Malcolm. "Ye'll just gang to the Salmon for a feow days till we see hoo things 'll gang."

"I'll du onything ye like, Ma'colm," said Peter, and went into the house to fetch his bonnet.

In the street arose the cry of a woman, and into the close rushed one of the fisherwives, followed by the factor. He had found a place on the eastern side of the

village, whither he had slipped unobserved, where, jumping a low earth-wall, he got into a little back yard. He was trampling over its few stocks of kail and its one dusty miller and double daisy when the woman to whose cottage it belonged caught sight of him through her window, and running out fell to abusing him, doubtless in no measured language. He rode at her in his rage, and she fled shrieking into Peter's close and behind the cart, never ceasing her vituperation, but calling him every choice name in her vocabulary. Beside himself with the rage of murdered dignity, he struck at her over the corner of the cart. Thereupon from the top of it Annie Mair ventured to expostulate: "Hoot, sir! it's no mainners to lat at a wuman like that."

He turned upon her, and gave her a cut on the arm and hand so stinging that she cried out, and nearly fell from the cart. Out rushed Peter and flew at the factor, who from his seat of vantage began to ply his whip about his head. But Malcolm, who, when the factor appeared, had moved aside to keep Kelpie out of mischief, and saw only the second of the two assaults, came forward with a scramble and a bound. "Haud awa', Peter!" he cried: "this belangs to me. I gae 'im back's whup, an' sae I'm accountable. Mr. Craithie"—and as he spoke he edged his mare up to to the panting factor—"the man who strikes a woman must be taught that he is a scoundrel, and that office I take. I would do the same if you were the lord of Lossie instead of his factor."

Mr. Crathie, knowing himself now in the wrong, was a little frightened at the set speech, and began to bluster and stammer, but the swift descent of Malcolm's heavy riding-whip on his shoulders and back made him voluble in curses. Then began a battle that could not last long with such odds on the side of justice. It was gazed at from the mouth of the close by many spectators, but none dared enter because of the capering and plunging and kicking of the horses. In less than a minute the factor turned to flee, and spurring out of the court galloped up the street at full stretch.

"Haud oot o' the gait!" cried Malcolm, and rode after him. But more careful of the people, he did not get a good start, and the factor was over the trench and into the fields before he caught him up. Then again the stinging switch buckled about the shoulders of the oppressor with all the force of Malcolm's brawny arm. The factor yelled and

cursed and swore, and still Malcolm plied the whip, and still the horses flew over fields and fences and ditches. At length in the last field, from which they must turn into the high-road, the factor groaned out, "For God's sake, Ma'colm, hae mercy!"

The youth's uplifted arm fell by his side. He turned his mare's head, and when the factor ventured to turn his, he saw the avenger already halfway back to Scaurnose, and the constables in full flight meeting him.

While Malcolm was thus occupied his sister was writing to Lady Bellair. She told her that having gone out for a sail in her yacht, which she had sent for from Scotland, the desire to see her home had overcome her to such a degree that of the intended sail she had made a voyage, and here she was, longing just as much now to see Lady Bellair; and if she thought proper to bring a gentleman with her to take care of her, he also should be welcome for her sake. It was a long way for her to come, she said, and Lady Bellair knew what sort of a place it was, but there was nobody in London now, and if she had nothing more enticing on her tablets, etc., etc. She ended with begging her, if she was inclined to make her happy with her presence, to bring to her Caley and her hound Demon. She had hardly finished when Malcolm presented himself. She received him very coldly, and declined to listen to anything about the fishers. She insisted that, being one of their party, he was prejudiced in their favor, and that of course a man of Mr. Crathie's experience must know better than he what ought to be done with such people in view of protecting her rights and keeping them in order. She declared that she was not going to disturb the old way of things to please him, and said that he had now done her all the mischief he could, except indeed he were to head the fishers and sack Lossie House. Malcolm found that instead of gaining any advantage by making himself known to her as her brother, he had but given her confidence in speaking her mind to him, and set her free from considerations of personal dignity when she desired to humiliate him. But he was a good deal surprised at the ability with which she set forth and defended her own view of her affairs, for she did not tell him that the Rev. Mr. Cairns had been with her all the morning, flattering her vanity, worshipping her power and generally instructing her in her own greatness — also putting in a word or two aenent his friend

Mr. Crathie, and his troubles with her ladyship's fisher-tenants. She was still, however, so far afraid of her brother — which state of feeling was perhaps the main cause of her insulting behavior to him — that she sat in some dread lest he might chance to see the address of the letters she had been writing.

I may mention here that Lady Bellair accepted the invitation with pleasure for herself and Liftore, promised to bring Caley, but utterly declined to take charge of Demon or allow him to be of the party. Thereupon Florimel, who was fond of the animal, and feared much, as he was no favorite, that something would *happen* to him, wrote to Clementina, praying her to visit her in her lovely loneliness — good as the Gloom in its way, though not quite so dark — and to add a hair to the weight of her obligation if she complied by allowing her deerhound to accompany her. Clementina was the only one, she said, of her friends for whom the animal had ever shown a preference.

Malcolm retired from his sister's presence much depressed, saw Mrs. Court-hope, who was kind as ever, and betook himself to his old room, next to that in which his strange history began. There he sat down and wrote urgently to Lenorme, stating that he had an important communication to make, and begging him to start for the north the moment he received the letter. A messenger from Duff Harbor, well mounted, would ensure Malcolm's presence within a couple of hours.

He found the behavior of his old acquaintances and friends in the Seaton much what he had expected: the few were as cordial as ever, while the many still resented with a mingling of the jealousy of affection, his forsaking of the old life for one they regarded as unworthy of a bred at least, if not a born, fisherman. A few there were still who always had been, for reasons known only to themselves, less friendly. The women were all cordial.

"Sic a mad-like thing," said old Futtocks, who was now the leader of the assembly at the Barn, "to gang scoorin' the cuintry on that mad brute o' a mere! What guid, think ye, can come o' siclike?"

"H'ard ye 'im ever tell the story aboot Colonsay Castel yon'er?"

"Ay, hev I."

"Weel, isna . his mere 'at they ca' Kelpie jest the pictur' o' the deil's ain horse 'at lay at the door an' watched whan he flaw oot, an' tuik the wa' wi' 'im?"

"I cudna say till I saw whether the deil himsel' cud gar her lie still."

From The Church Quarterly Review.  
THE WORLD OF FICTION.\*

**FICTION!** We suppose it is not under-rating the truth to estimate the readers of fiction in England as outnumbering enormously the readers of fact, or what at any rate passes for fact. It becomes a serious question, what is the mission of fiction, or whether it have a mission at all, or whether it be merely a voluntary self-distraction by means of a mirage, or by watching the phantasmagoria of a magic lantern instead of real life?

There are some, no doubt, with whom this is the case, but we think they are chiefly persons of indolent nature, or else of imagination in a greater degree than energy. In fact, there is an amount of safety in numbers. Far less impression is created by a whole succession of novels, one driving out the other, than was made when they were very few and far between, were read over and over again, and so discussed as to become realities to their students. What is only glanced over to fill up an idle moment cannot gain a very permanent hold on the mind.

Cannot, we say; yet who can tell? What wonders of unconscious cerebration and dormant memory are now and then disclosed, making us doubt whether every thought that passes over our minds is not, in some strange manner, photographed there, as it were, and forever! No one can tell how much or how little even of what we wish to remember or forget will recur to us in actual remembrance or in dreams. We have, in truth, a very limited power over our own memories. Surely this should make us cautious as to haphazard reading, or causing to be read, such topics as may leave some blot, or some haunting terror or evil dream.

It has always struck us that some of the Welsh triads, intended for the guidance of the bards, convey some of the most perfect canons of criticism of all imaginative literature that we ever met with.

The three primary requisites of genius —

An eye that can see nature,  
A heart that can feel nature,  
A resolution that dares follow nature.

The three final intentions of literature —

Increase of goodness,  
Increase of understanding,  
Increase of delight.

\* 1. *Isaule.* By the author of "Vera." (Smith and Elder.)

2. *Ralph and Bruno.* By M. BRAMSTON. (Macmillan.)

3. *The Atelier du Lys.* By the author of "Mlle. Mori." (Longmans.)

The three properties of a just imagination —

What may be,  
What ought to be,  
What is seemly to be.

The three advantages of poetry —

The praise of goodness,  
The memory of what is remarkable,  
The invigoration of the affections.

The three things to be avoided —

The mean, the obscure, the extravagant.

Whatever bard, ancient or modern, drew up these rules, had a clear conception of the lawful aims and requisites of all imaginative work. But we are afraid he would fall under the withering censure of "goody," wherewith it has become the fashion to condemn whatever too palpably tends to the first of the "three final intentions."

It is worth considering what is really "goody." We believe the world means by it all checks or reproofs, "in season or out of season," and we are willing to allow that it does apply to those out of season. The sugared cup is goody, so soon as the taste of the medicine is discovered; and as the child turns from the story so soon as it finds that "the visit to the gold-fields" is simply a lesson on wheat-growing, threshing, etc., so the grown-up person is disgusted when two pages of story prove the shoeing-horn to a dozen of sermon. Or, again, the goody story is constructed on the renowned principle of the boy who said he didn't care, and was tossed by a bull. There everything is made to illustrate the principle, whatever it may be; poetical justice is made a far more unerring Nemesis than is justified by real life, and the principal characters improve the incidents in set language that would drive one frantic if addressed to oneself.

Reaction has made it an absolute boast and praise when a story is devoid of moral. It has nearly become praiseworthy to go to the contrary extreme and make it immoral; and there are many who think, in a lazy kind of way, that it is a sort of impertinent intrusion on their idleness and vacancy to infuse any element of improvement into the draught, whether soporific or exciting. They dread, above all, "a novel with a purpose," and we quite agree with them, if the art of the novel be sacrificed to its purpose. The effect is then unfortunate, since the book is primarily read for amusement's sake, and that which spoils our amusement naturally incurs dislike.

How then should a novel tend to "increase of goodness" without being obnoxiously goody? Is it not by presenting portraits of nobleness ("praise of goodness" as the triad calls this), such as may awake an enthusiasm and longing to imitate them? Hero-worship can and ought to find plenty of food in the noble army of martyrs and the rolls of history, but the truthful records of these are often so brief, and sometimes so dry, as to require a good deal of imagination to dress them up—more than some people are capable of. Indeed, even among the educated, some lack the power of heeding or caring for the past. Epaminondas and Gustavus Adolphus seem to them alike mere names, alien to themselves, and neither Leuctra nor Lützen is capable of thrilling their hearts. Yet these same people can thoroughly admire and feel with an Adam Bede or an Anne O'Flaherty, because they are brought nearer to themselves and made real to them, and belong comparatively to their own time and circumstances, so that their veneration can be fed without trouble to their imagination. Probably "Clarissa Harlowe" was the first attempt in this line, and a really successful one, for hers is the nobility of nature that triumphs over circumstance. In his attempt at masculine perfection, Richardson seems to us in these days to have been simply priggish and ridiculous, but "Sir Charles Grandison" produced a real impression for good in his own day. Jeanie Deans is the next figure we can think of, who is prominent for goodness without goodness; and to come to more "modern instances," we may mention Will, in Miss Rosa Carey's novel of "Wooed and Married," and Garton Ord, in her still more beautiful one of "Robert Ord's Atonement." Neither of them is a moral Monte-Cristo, never weak, never tempted, able to do everything with a touch. One is a crippled, broken-down, rheumatic clergyman, with a sharp temper under restraint; the other a blundering, awkward youth, a failure and a burden, yet so sweet, so humble, so good and simple as to win our hearts with a sense of pathetic beauty, so that both leave a strong feeling of "goodness" standing above everything.

We believe this is the best thing that can be derived from a novel. "*I Promessi Sposi*" leaves that sense; so does "Sybille," so does Miss Wilford's "Domine Freylinghausen," so does George MacDonald's "St. George and St. Michael;" to which, in spite of some blem-

ishes, we owe a debt of gratitude for setting before us the grand old Marquess of Worcester, the most perfect type of the true Christian cavalier. To bring a glow to the heart and a light to the eye by the recollection of some heroic figure, whether wholly imaginary, or a real character brought into full illumination, seems to us one of the best objects of romance—a higher one than even the working out of a sound principle, because persons (even ideal ones) warm the heart as abstract morals can hardly do.

The beauty of virtue and truth, and all other great qualities, should be shown without forcing the course of events so as to bring them success. "Resolution to follow nature" may have to be exerted in the letting the probable take its course, even if the good is not to be rewarded, and yet binding sympathy and affection to unrequited virtue. Filial affection wins its cause in Cordelia, even though we see her dead in her father's arms. The very same events may be told in two such contrary ways, that one may excite all that is good, the other all that is evil in the reader. For instance, the story of LanceLOT and Guenever was "*Galeotto*" to Paolo and Francesca. It is one of the most solemn and beautiful teachings in Sir Thomas Malory and in Tennyson. The Italian "*Mercatante di Venezia*" is (we are told) a licentious story. Shakespeare has made it a pure and noble picture of friendship and self-devotion. Instances might be multiplied by hundreds, showing in what sense "to the pure all things are pure"—a saying much abused nowadays. People seem to think that "the pure" means those who have not much opportunity of going astray, and that "all things are pure" signifies that they may with impunity turn from the grossest evidence in a *cause célèbre* to the same vices scarcely veiled in an imaginary work; whereas what it seems to us to mean is that the pure mind only contemplates and assimilates the pure and noble in the past and present. Where one man sees a glorious landscape, another will only see a dead rat in the reeds, and will insist on dragging it out for everybody else to smell, because forsooth the rat is as real as the sunshine on the river, and therefore as worthy of contemplation.

To see and describe nature truly, but so as to bring out the morals of providence and the workings of good and evil, and to make the reader feel the continual victory of the right, even through outward failure, is one of the highest aims of the highest

art. For this the alembic of the writer's own mind and eye is needed. Somewhere in "Modern Painters," the same mountain castle is given from the same point of view in a photograph and a sketch. In the former the severe foreshortening conceals the windings of the path that leads up through the vineyards; in the second, it is a fascinating stair hewn out in the rock, with battlemented parapets, which were lost in the severe perspective of the same painting. Is not this one legitimate use of an imaginary tale of an historical period? There is a sermon of Bishop Charles Wordsworth, preached at Winchester College, condemning historical romance as being in danger of slandering those gone into an unseen world, where we shall meet them. It may be that this is a real objection to distorted or party-spirited representations, or to such as, for the sake of the story, add incidents which are a stain on the individuals. Perhaps the readiest case in point is Goethe's introduction of Clärchen in "Egmont," entirely contrary to history. Others have maligned an historical character from ignorance or misreading, as Shakespeare did by the Maid of Orleans, and as Scott did in some degree both by King René and Charles the Bold, and certainly the more we read, the more we feel our own incompetence to judge the men and women of the past.

But still it seems to us perfectly fair and legitimate to take some personage of old time, and dress him up according to our lights, putting him in action so as to be able to develop all that we can collect. The Federigo Borromeo of Manzoni, Schiller's Wallenstein, Scott's Louis XI., Lord Lytton's Rienzi, Bungeaer's Rabaut, are instances of what we mean, and so is George Eliot's Savonarola in some degree, though she fails from her incapacity to understand a saint and a martyr. It ought to be honest work, developing from the rule and measure laid down by competent authorities, and aim at moulding a statue-like life from the real outlines. Nor would the scruple we alluded to apply to setting a fancied character to live, move, and speak in some period according to what we know must have been the spirit of the times and manners and customs. "The Last Days of Pompeii," the earlier chapters of Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," the description of Florence in "Romola," and much of "Westward Ho!" are all examples of those vivid picturings of manners, scenery, and habits of thought of which history can only give the bare foun-

dation. They really fulfil the Welsh canons above cited, both as being for "increase of understanding" and "the memory of what is remarkable."

The failures in such attempts are chiefly from either want of grasp to understand the times, want of sufficient knowledge to avoid mistakes, strong party-spirit, or the desire to force in more instruction, historical or moral, than the story will bear. If a story is to be a story, it must not be dramatized history, though here and there we can point to successes even in this line, such as Sir Francis Palgrave's "Merchant and Friar," Miss Manning's "Mary Powell" and "Margaret Roper," and Bungeaer's "*Trois Sermons sous Louis Quinze*," all of which are admirable studies of character and manners, though scarcely professing to be independent stories. The books, of which the "Schonberg-Cotta Family" was the first, aim at this line, but often fail, because an autobiography requires more of the spirit of the time than a person of an after generation can possess, and thus the meditations of early Christian, and Anglo-Saxon nun, German *Mädchen*, perplexed little Puritan, and auditor of John Wesley, all smack alike of the lady of the nineteenth century who has accepted an amount of liberal-mindedness that would have horrified most of them.

As to the failures in grasp and knowledge, every one makes them, and other generations find it out, as we have done by even "Ivanhoe," and as those who were imbued with a catholic spirit always did by "Hypatia," which the author considered the most likely to live of all his works. Most historical romance is apt to be like Paul Veronese's pictures, contemporary portraiture with more or less of ancient costume. Scott, in spite of all cavils the great master of the art, further held that fact might be sacrificed to the exigencies of romance, and that it was art to put *telling* occasions in juxtaposition, and annihilate inconvenient years, or awkward facts — to let Ulrica live from the conquest till the Third Crusade, and make poor Margaret of Anjou intrigue after her death. Criticism will allow no such liberties now, when to put forth a book is to set up a target with some curiosity to see what blots will be hit by those whose office it is to find the vulnerable spots. No doubt it has made the work much more difficult, though we believe, on the other hand, that no one writes anything worth reading without a spontaneous impulse independent of criticism.

One more point in the historical novel

should be mentioned as needful to make it worthy, namely, that it should only deal with such things as deserve to be dwelt on and brought before the mind. Those passages of history which are only dark shadows of foulness and evil ought never to be dragged into light and dissected. That a Regent Orleans or a Louis XV. existed is no reason for bringing their vices prominently before the mind's eye. Even punishment does not set the matter right for the minds of readers, and readers cannot be as if they had never even in imagination tasted garbage.

The right sort of historical novel is, then, that which brings into clear detail and life some period, with appreciation both of character and of the spirit of the time, making, as far as possible, living beings of those who might otherwise be mere names. If it can bring any noble figure into full relief or cast a clearer light on some period not understood, it becomes doubly valuable, but in the main, if it be a clear, candid, and spirited delineation of the past, it is well worth having.

And here we must say a good word for an old friend of our youth, G. P. R. James. He overwrote himself, and finally degenerated into a haberdashery sort of detail; his regular opening with the two travellers became a byword, and at the best he had only talent, not genius. But his history was correct, his tone pure and gentlemanlike, and his books are safe and instructive as well as entertaining. We should like to see some of the best revived, such as "Philip Augustus," "Mary of Burgundy," or "Henry of Guise."

There is also the romance — *pur et simple* — with no erudition in it, no costume except armor and white samite, and the manners those of ideal chivalry. To increase of knowledge the romance makes little or no pretensions, but to increase of delight, and even to increase of goodness, it surely tends when of the true sort. It belongs indeed to the realm of poetry. It is as it were only accident that we have it in prose. The "Morte d'Arthur" and "The Faery Queene" are surely akin as much as are "The Talisman" and "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Indeed we fancy that Wat Tinlin and William of Deloraine are much more true to nature than Sir Kenneth and Edith Plantagenet. The mission of romance is, to carry us along in a dreamlike mood of wonder, sympathy and pity, or admiration, while there is often a certain undercurrent of feeling or allusion, often half allegory, and the broad lights and shades of the characters of the

personages tend to excite enthusiasm for the true, the pure, the brave and faithful, even in impossible circumstances.

Such bright, simple tales, where all the men are brave and all the women virtuous, where generosity and constancy are taken for granted, and gallant deeds of self-devotion are the staple subject, are like sweets to the unsophisticated palate. They may cloy if too much indulged in, but all such substance as there is in them is wholesome fare. It is a pity when we grow past them, and it is a greater pity not to have imagination enough to get up an interest in what is manifestly impossible.

Romance is at a discount now. Common sense is reigning, and we are required to look on everything material, however loathsome or hideous, with microscopic eyes, unweakened by any illusions. Otherwise we cannot be practical. Times are changed, for there have been days when the sense of fighting out the daily struggle in the spirit ascribed to the knight of romance imparted a real access of vigor and constancy. We have heard the legend of Shakespeare, when forced to act as a butcher, working himself up with poetry to feel like a Greek hero performing a sacrifice. Poor Charles VIII. learnt truth and honor in the court of Louis XI. from "Amadis de Gaul," Alexander fed upon Homer, and Napoleon I. upon "Ossian" — Macpherson's "Ossian," done into Italian — a strange fact, one would exclaim, but how perfectly consistent with his own famous maxim that "it is the imagination that governs the world." We cannot claim him for a favorable specimen either of romance or its effects, but a certain amount of idealism and poetry is an ingredient in heroic natures, witness Wolfe's reading Gray's "Elegy" below the heights of Abraham, and our Peninsular soldiers "The Lady of the Lake." Don Quixote's error was his distortion of fancy, in beholding Pentapolin of the naked arm in a harmless sheep, and an oppressed captive in a galley-slave; but the same knighthood of spirit, finding its giants in sin, and its dragons in its own tempers, has infinitely invigorated some men and many women. Nay, this imaginative power and religious faith do blend together in a marvelous manner. It is a reality that every resistance of evil in ourselves or others is a stroke in the battle by the soldiers who go forth in white linen on white horses, following that Captain who is faithful and true. Theirs is the highest and most real romance of all.

Wash thee, and watch thine armor, as of old  
The champions vow'd of Truth and Purity,  
Ere the bright mantle might their limbs en-  
fold,  
Or spear of theirs in knightly combat vie.  
Hence summer nights outwatched the dawn  
on high.  
And found the time too short for busy dreams —  
Pageants of airy prowess drawing nigh —  
And Fame far hovering with immortal beams,  
And more than prowess theirs, and more than  
fame ;  
No dream, but an abiding consciousness,  
Of an approving God, a righteous aim,  
An arm outstretched to guide them and to  
bless,  
Firm as steel bows for angel's warfare bent,  
They went abroad not knowing where they  
>went.\*

Critics may well tell us that the age of chivalry never existed ! It is the golden age of Christian heroism, a border-land of allegory and reality, from which many a youth has brought sentiments of honor, truth, and loyalty, which he might otherwise have failed to develop even from the eternal fountains of all good. It is quite true the Christian code contains all these, but the ideal standard of the *preux chevalier* presents them in the form which catches the imagination and leads to imitation by those whom the deeper and higher motives have not yet reached.

As a man's standard is, so will he be in a measure be himself; and when romance, as in France and Italy, was licentious and false, such a character as Francis I. was its manifestation in real life. And when the aims and principles of the generality are low, the romance which exaggerates them degenerates into extravagance, license, or sentimentalism. "The Faery Queene" is as great a contrast to "Orlando Furioso" as are Raleigh and Sidney to the Medici and Farnesi. "The Grand Cyrus" answered well to the pompous court of Louis XIV. "Telémaque" had in it the germs of higher and better things; and, on the other side of the Channel, "Gulliver" reflected the satyr-like sneering foulness of his time. When purer times were restored such tales as "The Castle of Otranto," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and "The One-Handed Monk," brought back the innocent, though at that time foolish, romance, such as Catherine Morland meant when she terrified Miss Tynley by communicating in a mysterious tone : "I hear something very dreadful is coming out in London." The outward symbols of those times are the modern

stucco castle and abbey where ancient castle and abbey never existed, with crenellated parapets to hide the gutters, corner turrets that nobody could get into, and loopholes whence nobody could shoot. Yet this school — like nothing in heaven or earth — where Madrid is on the sea-coast, where waxen images act ghosts, and castles have enormous vaults, tenanted by masked villains *ad libitum*, was the delight of the generation whose resistance to all the manifold forms of evil and defiance in France was the grand act of Christian chivalry of the century.

And so from the forge of German patriotism were struck forth bright sparks in those charming romances of Fouqué, the "Zauberring" and "Thiodolf," so perfect as mere romances; while his "Undine," "Sintram," and "Die Beiden Hauptleute," strike the higher chord where romance acquires something of the deeper tone of parable. Goethe, who, with all his powers, had no sense of noble love for woman or for country, wrote no romance. The chief work of his youth was the parent of the sentimental suicidal novel; the work of his highest genius is the victory of the tempter over weak man and erring woman. Is it not significant of that sordid spirit of unbelief so fearfully described in "German Home Life" that Fouqué is never read and utterly despised in his native land ?

We are glad that pure romance has not even now died out among us. George MacDonald often gives us the thoughtful, half-allegorical romance, such as "Phantastes," or "The Princess and the Goblin;" and there is a charming story of Miss Smedley's, too little known, called "Nina, or the Silver Swan," where maiden and knight alike belong to the highest and tenderest realms of fancy. And how popular among us are translations of Jules Verne, the Münchhausen of modern science and discovery, going always a little beyond the possible, yet in so circumstantial and philosophical a manner, that whether he takes us round the moon, to the bottom of the sea, or the centre of the earth, we still feel ourselves at home with his preternaturally cool Englishmen, brilliant Frenchmen, and "ready, aye ready" Yankees. These all have the most useful element of romance in being pure and high-minded; the heroes never fail in the essential qualities of truth, honor, generosity, and self-devotion, and the hand of a reverent believer is traceable wherever he comes for a moment in contact with deeper things.

We pass on to the novel proper, whose mission professes to be to paint nature, whether in the novel of recent or contemporary history, the controversial novel, the indignation novel, the religious novel, the descriptive novel, the novel of common life, with or without a purpose, moral or immoral.

By novels of recent history we mean those written without a sense of archaism, though not always concerning the writer's own generation. "Waverley" and "Rob Roy" were such to Scott, who had actually seen the manners and had gleaned the traditions from eye-witnesses. Thackeray's "Esmond" is the result of a careful study of language and manners, but "The Bride of Lammermuir" came naturally to Scott as if the Master had been his next-door neighbour. Thus we class the many stories of the times of the first French Revolution, past, indeed, but into the perfect, rather than the pluperfect tense. If we represent French people with the same amount of truth as they show in delineating us English, we must afford them a good deal of amusement, for our authors have for many years been fond of dealing with the subject. Henry Kingsley's "Mademoiselle Mathilde" gives us scenes we cannot forget—the sack of the asylum, the mutiny at Nancy, and the *noyade* at Nantes, with the noble old priest standing, Gospel in hand, to the last, and dying with the words on his tongue: "Old things have passed away, all things have become new!" The beauty of the book is more in its isolated scenes than in the whole, and it is hard to forgive the having deprived a real person like Adèle of her heroism, and made her selfish and foolish to suit the purposes of the story. Sarah Tytler's "Citoyenne Jacqueline" deals cleverly with some aspects of the time. The young peasant-deputy, Joaillie, made into a dandy by his Paris life, is a good portrait, and there is a picture of the interior of the prisons, perfectly borne out by the memoirs of the time, but somehow there is a sense that the book is written from the outside.

"On the Edge of the Storm" depicts the earlier days of the Revolution as seen in the country *château*, sacked by the neighboring townspeople. This is, however, more a study of a few characters than a real picture of the Revolution, such as the same author has given us in the "Atelier du Lys," evidently the result of many years' study and reflection and a wonderfully intimate knowledge of French character. The author's *forte* is in quaint

old ladies full of character, and Mademoiselle de St. Aignan is a wonderfully clever picture of the lively woman, taking up the Revolution half as fashion, half from native good sense, and yet as exclusively prejudiced as ever on the point of birth and breeding, forgiving everything to De Perven, the villain (and a consummate villain he is too), because he cannot help being a well-born, well-bred, agreeable man. Then there is the really noble and pathetic figure of the Swiss, Balmat, who has sacrificed everything to study painting at Paris under David, and lives on through the Reign of Terror, pure, innocent, simple, and devoted to his art. He is no colorist, nor can he rise to the hard, rigid, classical style of David. He can only achieve a modest, half-despised success in his own line of landscape and still life, and even that comes too late to save him from dying of his privations after having been the good genius of the book. There is also a beautiful sketch of a priest, who has consented for a while to fly, but returns to do his duty among his flock, suffers agonies from his timidity as long as he is at large, but when taken at last rejoices, and is calm and resolute as well as happy.

The *atelier* which gives the book its name is a studio within the Louvre which, was, during the republic, we here find, divided among artists and their pupils, and where David worked according to his notions of high classic art, and his pupils raved about him, and walked about in Greek costume. We have in these volumes gained an accurate picture of several phases of that strange shifting scene, and the plot on which the tale is constructed is an interesting one, in full accordance with the time.

Yet we think it a pity that there is so much resemblance to the plot of "Denise," where again we have a marriage and a separation immediately after, the young couple only coming to an understanding at the end. "Denise" is, however, a descriptive, not an historical romance, and has many fresh and charming pictures of the country about Hyères.

Description and history are both united in "Mademoiselle Mori," which has come to be a handbook for sight-seers in Rome, and will remain a brilliant record of various aspects of life at Rome in the year of revolutions, when hope rose high and was quashed by French intervention. All these three books contain work of a very high order, of a kind of miniature detail and finish, studied and truthful in every

part. Almost every character is either an individual portrait or the type of a class, and perhaps the very elaboration prevents individual figures from standing out as prominently as perfect art would require.

The Franco-German war has its share already of tales. "The Parisians," unhappily unfinished, is in Lord Lytton's best style of what may be called representative writing. Every character stands for a class. There is the proud, honorable, narrow Breton noble, dipped in Paris society, and getting soiled by its vices, but not irremediably; there are his two kinsmen, one the true, bright, gay, brave French noble of the old kind, the other the saintly and gallant "son of the crusaders," of the Montalembert pattern; there is the spoilt, sensual, sentimental young poet, a degenerate copy of Camille Desmoulins; there is the speculator, the gambler in shares, the special product of the empire; there are the *ouvriers*, that terrible element in modern Paris; and there is the arch-plotter, a sort of Rochefort, but in whom it is less easy to believe than in the rest of the characters. Another story, whose chief interest lies in that unhappy period, is "Iseulte," by the author of "Vera." It begins unsatisfactorily, and we think we are falling into the threadbare style of the intriguing priest getting the innocent girl into a convent, but suddenly we find ourselves breathing a fresh air when we are taken to the mountain *château*, whose master is one of the school of Lacordaire, and where the gradual refinement of Iseulte's nature is well brought out in the midst of amusing sketches of the development of a new French watering-place on the site of some old Roman bath. Iseulte, be it understood, is an unhappy wife, married without her own volition to a man whom it is impossible to love or esteem, and who does not wish to be troubled with her, so that she has lived apart from him even from the first. In her mountain home, she meets Guy de Lussarques, the first man who stirs her affections, and this brings her to a sense of the duty and necessity of returning to her husband.

He is prefect of the city of Velun, in Burgundy, where she arrives to find him severely hurt by an accident, and she has just nursed him into recovery when the Prussians are upon them, and he is one of those unfortunate officials who were forced to make a journey on the engine of the train used for transport, as a pledge of security for the invaders. Fatigue and exposure cause his death, and Iseulte

immediately after sets forth to join her sister in her convent. Her way lies through a village whence she can make no further progress, and is forced to wait while the place is harried, first, by the Garibaldians, and then by the Prussians. Then it is that a most touching and noble scene ensues, when two German soldiers having been shot, each death is to be punished by that of six men, chosen by lot, from among the villagers. The first name is that of the curé who has been the blessing of the parish through all its sufferings, and had refused to be excluded from the fatal urn. Two unmarried men give themselves in the stead of two fathers of large families, and the curé leads the way to the *place*.

The curé's voice rose sweet and clear as if at a festival. "*Sursum corda.*" A Jewish girl gives a malignant laugh, and Iseulte kneeling in the porch is impelled to make response, "*Habemus ad Dominum.*"

"*Gratias agimus Deo*" — the rest is drowned in the rattle of the musketry.

Iseulte, after nearly perishing at the hands of her own people as a Prussian spy, is rescued by her lover, whom she is now free to marry, and we leave this very striking book with a sense of gladness and peace.

One more story of this war must be mentioned — Miss Bramston's "Ralph and Bruno" — a contrast between the English and French character, which would have been more probable if the heroes had not both been half of each nation. The latter, a brave young dreamer, of high aspiration but unanchored faith, is a very touching sketch, only indeed such a sketch as a feminine hand can draw, and yet worthy of note as a record of the character of the times.

We pass on to the controversial novel — a thing of bad name, and often deservedly. It is always, on a longer scale, a likeness of the old dialogue in Italian churches of the *avvocato di Dio* and the *avvocato del diabolò*, and thus is like playing at chess against yourself. It is impossible to make the *avvocato del diabolò* so much in earnest or so dangerous as he would be in real life, and yet the other *avvocato* is apt to come out so priggish as to throw the sympathy on the wrong side. We hardly know of any of note enough to mention; most are on the Romish controversy, and they generally betray profound ignorance on the subject, and of the Roman Catholic point of view. They are not good weapons, for nobody

can understand the workings of a religion who has not professed it; and if there be any catastrophe at all, it can hardly be the natural product of the argument, and the principle of persecution must needs rule the plot, even though the tale be in condemnation of persecution.

Before passing from this subject we must, however, mention a novel of the early years of this century, "Rosanne," by Letitia Hawkins; the ability and instructiveness of which so much impressed us that we should like to see the earlier half reprinted. We can only sketch the outline from memory, but we believe it was as follows: Rosanne is the daughter of a man of much learning and culture, named Bellarmine, who, after a youth of dissipation, adopts the atheistical ideas then current in the French fashion, and carries off his little motherless girl to France to bring her up on the Rousseau system, totally free from superstition. He purchases one of the *châteaux* left vacant in the Revolution; obtains as a governess Mademoiselle Cossart, a Frenchwoman of the period, fat, *gourmande*, good-natured, vain, and voluble on her intended great work on the perfectibility of human nature. Rosanne, a fine, healthy, happy creature, is chiefly taught by her father, all her books being carefully weeded of anything that could lead to "superstition," and when, as she becomes acquainted with history, religion occurs as a cause of change and war, it is contemptuously explained to be a manifestation of human weakness and folly. But when the child looks up to the stars and asks how they came there, she is coughed down with the same look that had taught her the rules of decorum, so that she imagined that it was ill-bred to mention the heavenly bodies. We are afraid the Bellarmine of the present day would only point to them as parts of the self-acting mechanism of nature.

Very striking is the description of how poor Rosanne, when she was about fifteen or sixteen, knew that something was persistently kept from her and became conscious of a void, and began to feel and yearn, "like infants crying for the light." Her first hint comes, we think, when she is laid up with some infectious disorder. Her father and governess both being mortally frightened, shut themselves up in opposite ends of the house, each thinking the other is attending to her, and the servants follow their example. A good, simple countrywoman is sent in to nurse her, and Rosanne, seeing her pray, soon breaks

out in the question she is always asking: "What and why?" She learns little, however. The woman, living when religion was proscribed in France, and fancying her patient's ignorance Protestantism, will not answer questions and hides her devotions when she finds them observed, but Rosanne has gained the name of *le bon Dieu*, and knows that he is addressed with reverence, though unseen, and that the woman who so addresses him is kind, calm, content, and good beyond all she has known.

She questions her governess on *le bon Dieu*, and in an unguarded moment gets answered, "The Supreme Being," though the next instant, seeing what a revelation these words were to the girl, mademoiselle refuses to teach her any more "superstition," and thereby opens to her the knowledge that the dreadful folly whence she was so carefully guarded was that which concerned the "Supreme Being" to whom Nanette spoke.

A struggling, very beautiful prayer to the unknown Supreme Being follows, and then fresh rays break in. There is an alarm of ghosts in the *château*, and mademoiselle is frightened out of her wits, and out of all power of parrying her pupil's questions: "*Revenant?* Where does it *revenir* from?"

"From the grave, to be sure." "From the grave? What comes back from the grave?" "The spirit, of course."

So, though the ghost is proved to be a mischievous boy, Rosanne has learnt the *non omnis moriar*, and has found besides that, beneath all mademoiselle's outward profession of superiority to all delusions, there is an undercurrent of such belief as that of the devils perhaps, but still an ingrained belief in the unseen. This is confirmed again, in a storm, in a little boat, when mademoiselle went down on her knees and prayed to the saints as loud as any of the frightened boatmen.

Rosanne has been secluded from all society, but she hears of an English lady, widow of a Frenchman, who had come to the next *château*. She actually walks thither, dragging her unwilling governess with her, and supplicates the lady "to teach her superstition." Even when she finds out some approach to what is meant, the lady, a pretty, silly butterfly, has never learnt more than the outside, and has forgotten or confused that, but her five-year-old child, taught by a good old English nurse, is brought in, and made to rehearse her small acquirements. From the beginning of the creed Rosanne gathers some-

thing. The end, in poor little Lisette's lisplings, is incomprehensible, but she gains the Lord's Prayer, she hears the child say "grace," and she is shown a Bible, when she electrifies madame by her observations: "This is poetry; this is something like Rochefoucauld's maxims;" while, on the other hand, the sight of the first chapter of Isaiah only reminds madame of the new pelisse she spoilt on an Advent Sunday.

Nurse will not hear of lending the precious Bible, but Rosanne, after a great effort, obtains her mother's old Bible and prayer-book, and thenceforth her way is comparatively clear.

Being in possession of a few awkward secrets of mademoiselle's, she can ensure her silence till, just as her untaught conscience is enlightened enough to doubt the rectitude of concealment, an accident reveals the state of things to her father, and there is a terrible storm, when Bellarmine has the mortification of finding that the recent development of fine qualities he had thought due to his system was really founded on the hated "superstition." Rosanne is very firm. "She cannot *unthink*," she says; "she cannot *unbelieve* again." She is sent off to her own apartments, till a sudden illness of her father brings them together, and he is forced to depend on her, preserving an angry silence. Finally, by a mistake in a draught of medicine, he all but poisons her, and in the height of her danger grants her wish to see her English friends, so that she becomes free to enjoy all that she can learn from little Lisette and from the good old nurse, as she slowly recovers.

Here the book ought to have ended. The latter part, after she is taken to England, is very inferior, but the working out of Rosanne's faith in her girlhood has always seemed to us a remarkable and beautiful study, though, quoting only from memory, we have not done justice to it.

The political novel is not often really interesting, and it has this great disadvantage artistically, that it must be either personal or impossible, when it professes to deal with cabinets. Living men, under a shallow disguise, do not seem to us fair subjects.

The indignation novel has sometimes been a very effective influence; coming generally just as attention is getting turned towards some abuse; it concentrates the public feeling on some imaginary case under oppression, sometimes a little exaggerated, but often only too true, and

really assists in directing the current of public opinion. Mrs. Trollope did this by the abuses in the old factory system; Mrs. Beecher Stowe by slavery; Dickens succeeded best of all, not only through his vivid descriptions, but by those proverbial names, such as Dotheboys Hall, Bumble, Mrs. Gamp, the Circumlocution Office, all which remain in the language as monuments of an evil shown up and conquered. Other novels, written with the same object, have failed in comparison, partly because of weakness or exaggeration, or because the writers' indignation is misplaced. It is curious that the weapon should almost uniformly become blunt when misapplied.

Perhaps one of the most curious bits of writing of our day was Trollope's "Warden," a remarkable study of the modern process of reform. The corrupt state of things is acknowledged, and the reformer is blustering and disagreeable in his honest desire to overthrow abuses, but the gentle old warden, who is ousted by his efforts, is one of Mr. Trollope's few really beautiful characters. There used now and then to be a high and beautiful character in this author's books, sometimes a really deep thought, as in the story where the young man deteriorates from the time when, going full of religious aspiration to the Holy Land, all is swept away by a frivolous, sight-seeing girl, who lowers the tone of his mind forever. Again, there is much in the retribution for Mrs. Grantley's mammon-worship striking her through that one parting whisper of her daughter leaving home as a bride, "Take care how my dress is packed up," when the mother is yearning for some warm farewell. Somehow this punishment has always put us in mind of that legendary gnat who avenged on the great conqueror all his crimes by one little sting in his ear. Shall we venture to express a regret that the author has not lately given us his higher and better side, but has written on the level of the religion and morality of the world around him, the average requirements of the British Lion and the *Times*? There is no vice brought forward to be gloated over; he admires all the gentlemanlike and ladylike virtues, and awakes our sympathy for them, but he has no notion of their running too far. Religion is to be just enough to be respectable upon, not to make people uncomfortable or put them out of their way, so daily services are more than once treated as ridiculous, novels are brought forward as

Sunday reading, and when refractory parents are to be tamed, it is done by not eating minced veal at luncheon on a Friday.

It may be said that his are photographs of actual life, and that such things happen. It is quite true, but it is also true that there is a high, deep, and noble side to life, which we grieve to say we miss more and more from Mr. Trollope's novels, till in "Phineas Finn" there is really but one religious man, and he is made detectable.

Such figures as Lady Lufton, Mr. and Mrs. Robarts, Archdeacon and Mrs. Grantley, and others which will readily occur, are well worth preserving, but in general it is rather his scenes than his characters that we think of. They are wanting in that zest and backbone which is given by having some purpose beyond getting on in life, or being married to the right person. There is a tedium in continually dwelling on secondary motives. We should soon get tired of a whole gallery of Frith's racing and railway scenes, and long for a face with something nobler in it, and happily there are many living countenances with the impress of eternity on the brow and eyes, and sweetness and steadfastness on the lips; but those who copy only the lower and more common-place type, will miss the higher one.

The descriptive novel tries the writer's art. It may be only the traveller's own diary put into narrative, with a few feeble attempts at conversation and a wedding at the end. Or it may be a series of admirable pictures around living actors who identify themselves with the scene, as in that piteous but beautiful book, "Dr. Antonio," in "Transformations," or in "Madeleine Mori." Great vigor is required to make the story strong enough to carry the descriptions and not be weighed down by them. Some of our recent writers have given us very charming French pictures, such as "The Village on the Cliff," "Unawares," the "*Hôtel du Petit St. Jean*, and "In the Camargue," a peculiarly beautiful story of the herdsmen of the wild district in the south of France so called. These are all studies of costume, manners, and scenery, necessarily external, but answering their purpose to outsiders very well and gracefully, and striking the deeper chords, without which there can be no true music.

We were going to pronounce the comic novel the lowest form of the art, when it struck us that the great ironical tragedy of Don Quixote might by some be called a comic romance. Its drollery has such a

depth below it, its laughter is so near akin to tears, its picture of the lofty spirit bewildered in its own dreams, and wasting its efforts on delusions, is so sadly true in its hidden meaning, that its motto might be, "Even in laughter the heart is sad." The very contrast gives force to the witticisms and ludicrous adventures, and for this reason it is the only specimen of what is called the comic novel that is ever fresh and new. Others, which deal only with the absurdities of their own time, pass into oblivion. The next generation reads them, wondering what their parents found so delightful in them, and sometimes shocked at their coarseness; and, except for a few jokes and stories which survive in the "Joe Miller" repertory, they become mere names and authorities for the antiquarian. So has it been with "Eulenspiegel," "Rabelais," "Gulliver," and many another of later times. These three indeed were great satires, written not so much in mirth, as in bitterness of spirit. Those that were merely fun, froth, and exuberance of drollery, have not had so long a life. Nay, it is only in the nature of man to produce one such book of real brilliancy and *abandon* of drollery and humor. Those that follow are only fainter reflections, unless he strike out a new and deeper line, where the mirth only plays an occasional part. Marryat's best novel was his first, "Peter Simple," where the drollery of the cockpit and the wonderful comicality of the boatswain, Mr. Chucks (ultimately Count Shucksen), the humors of Portsdown Hill fair, and the fun of the Dignity ball, are set indeed in a wretchedly weak plot, but are backed by real naval adventures of the deepest interest, true episodes of those days of heroism, the great war. The escape from Verdun, the hurricane, and the exploits of the "Rattlesnake" are worthy to rank with any scenes of adventure that we ever met with. But Marryat had exhausted his best stories and spontaneous wit in this his first novel, and his later ones are all feeble and forced beside it. Charles Lever again never equalled "Harry Lorrequer" in military comedy, though he gave something equally good in "Tom Burke," which rises to the rank of an historical novel in describing the campaigns of an Irish youth under Napoleon's eagles. Theodore Hook and Tom Hood are at the present day little more than names, and Dickens and Thackeray live more in our memories for "David Copperfield" or "Vanity Fair" than for "Pickwick" or the "Great Hoggarty Diamond."

As brass by long attrition tried,  
Placed by the purer metal's side,  
Displays at length the dingy hue  
That proves its former claim untrue,  
So Time's discerning hand hath art  
To set the good and ill apart.

This is above all true of imaginative literature. The two ensuing generations, after the appearance of a book, are to it what the gallery of the Luxembourg is to French pictures. They sift out what is worth preserving. And we say it deliberately — the common consent of mankind, like that of the Egyptian judges, only does embalm what is the production of a high, noble, earnest mind, bent on truth and goodness. *All* thus produced does not live, because genius or talent are requisite to vitality, but genius without goodness merely lives such a life as is led, for instance, by the works of Voltaire, only studied now for curiosity's sake. Why is Dante a life among us, Boccaccio a curiosity? Why is Shakespeare still vividly present with us, while Ben Jonson is but a name; and why does Milton abide with us, while to most of us Dryden is scarcely known? And as poetry has more vitality than prose, the novel has less chance of endurance, and in the sink-or-swim ordeal is sure to sink if weighted with spite, coarseness, or impurity, even though these, like stones, may carry it further at the first moment, and make a greater splash.

Who reads Fielding, Smollett, or Sterne in the present day, though Richardson, with much inferior power, no wit, and a tradesman's view of the manners of society, has so far held his ground, that "Clarissa," abridged and purified, has been republished? All the real beauty and pathos of Uncle Toby's character could not prevent "Tristram Shandy" from being so submerged by its coarseness, that Lord Lytton could safely parody its best personages in his "Caxtons." No, novelists, it is not strength and vigor that ye gain by license of thought and tongue, it is oblivion.

Next to the proverbially unreadable Aphra Behn, Frances Burney was the first, though not the best novelist in the special feminine sphere of society. She is now only known by her "Diary," with its glimpses, first, of Johnson, then of Queen Charlotte. Maria Edgeworth's tales have the honor of having awakened Scott's power, but all the earlier ones were so hampered by her father's pedantries that by far the best is her latest, "Helen," where the lover, Granville Beauclerc, is one of the cleverest sketches we ever saw

of an enthusiastic young man, seeing only one side of a question at once. If Miss Edgeworth had not had to dance in fetters, we think she would have achieved as enduring a fame as Jane Austen's.

That popularity is but partial. Those who care only for the big bow-wow, as Scott called his own work compared with hers, find them wearisome from their detail; and few young people have any relish for them, since there is nothing in them to gratify youth's love of hero-worship and adventure. It is only as we grow older, and experience shows us the wonderfully vivid individuality, that the truthfulness of the portraiture grows upon us, and we see the perfection of the art of painting, without vulgarizing on the one hand, without idealizing on the other, with nothing repellent and yet nothing beautiful, with humor but without wit, common life indeed, but seen as if in a camera, which somehow deprives it of its harshness. It requires no small skill to tread in these footsteps. When we see, appended to the advertisement of a novel, an extract from some petty local newspaper, declaring it to be "in Miss Austen's style," it generally proves to have some vulgar portraits, a great deal of domestic detail, and a large amount of twaddle. In fact, these tales, as well as those kindred ones of Miss Ferrier's, "Marriage" and "The Inheritance," were the product of those days of calm and rest between the last surges of the French Revolution and the first heavings of the stormy waves of our own time. People were content to draw things as they were rather than as they ought to be, the word "earnest" was scarcely come into vogue, and when enthusiastic youth effervesced, as in Marianne Dashwood, it had no vent but sensibility to poetry, romance, and friendship.

Writers of our own day either shoot far above Miss Austen in aim, though not in workmanship, or else fall far below her in purity of tone and all the fruits of what in her time was known as "good principle."

When Scott's sense of the fitness of things forced him to find a nobly exceptional fate for his hero Frank Tyrrell, he could do nothing better for him than make him a Moravian, to open to him a missionary career. Now the craving for a mission is almost a staple quality in both man and woman, and the old stage recipe, "Let him come in and kill some giant," would now be, "Let her come in and worry him into killing some abuse." If the heroine is not to act, she is the last to influence; or, if not, she is fast, horsey, and daring.

The "artless" girl who wore white muslins and pleased by her modest gentleness, would seem vapid beside her "simple" successor, who shows her simplicity by bold forwardness and embarrassing personal remarks.

No one has so really written in Miss Austen's vein as Mrs. Gaskell in her delicious sketches of the old ladies at Cranford, in "Mr. Harrison's Confessions" and "Wives and Daughters." Yet even in these there is more playfulness and more pathos and indignation than in the earlier author's tales. The fun about Miss Pole's tea-parties, the alarm of robbers, and Mr. Peter's stories are much less subdued than the little ironical hints which make us laugh at Miss Bates or even Mr. Collins, and the indignation we feel at Mrs. Gibson's meannesses entirely outruns any feeling excited by Aunt Norris or Mrs. Bennet. There is something stronger in every way in the later books.

And among four or five others which Mrs. Gaskell has given us, "Mary Barton" is one of the most beautiful and striking stories in our language, full at once of nobleness and sweetness. What can be more touching than the scenes of patient misery in the strike, or the description of old Alice's deafness? And what can be droller than the journey of the two old grandfathers on the coach with their orphan grandchild, and their vain attempts to put it to sleep with "two jiggs and a shake?" There was much value and ability in the representation of the utter alienation and misunderstanding of the masters and men, and we believe it worked good in its time. At any rate, this is not a book to be forgotten.

Mrs. Gaskell's name carries us on to her who may be viewed as the first in the school of modern sensation novels—Charlotte Brontë. About her, there has been a curious revulsion of feeling, enhanced of late by the publication of more of her correspondence. People were shocked to find that the writer of a book which had been discussed as that of an unsexed woman, or of a man of diseased imagination, was really a harmless, dutiful, hardworking lady. The sensation was as if, hitting at an ugly mask, the blows proved to have hurt a helpless woman, and in the shock of compunction people forgot to ask, "Why did she put on such a mask?" "Jane Eyre" is not better as a book merely because the author meant no harm by it. Her strange circumstances might excuse the author, but the book must stand or fall by its own merits. We

cannot help thinking that another lady author, Florence Wilford, has hit off the most probable explanation of the composition of such a story in her novel of "Nigel Bartram's Ideal," where the heroine's troubles are caused by the having published a sensational novel, thrown off, like a sort of eruption, to relieve the workings of her mind, when, from the circumstances around her, it had got into a morbid state. Charlotte Brontë's after-current ran clearer and clearer, and "Villette" is her masterpiece. But each of her three tales is a portrait-gallery from her own experience, drawn with immense power, but not original conceptions, and if she had tried to go beyond the range of her own observations, it seems doubtful whether she would have succeeded equally well.

Rivalling, if not exceeding, Currer Bell in power, stands our living novelist, George Eliot. We cannot, if we would, discuss all her works. Their varied characters and epigrammatic force, with the strange, sad, undercurrent throughout them, would demand a whole article, if properly examined. To us there is something very painful in the way in which each seems to find all trust, all faith, ring hollower and hollower, ever since that first story which took us all by storm by its wonderful vigor and beauty. Adam Bede and Dinah were grand pictures of the strength and glory of full faith and religion, and they, if report says true, are actual likenesses of the produce of the early days of Wesleyanism; but poor Maggie Tulliver has no strength in her; she tries religious enthusiasm in vain, and her sad story seems all along a pleading of the irresistible force of circumstances. "Romola" actually dares to detract from the pure saintliness of Savonarola's real character (as proved by his biographies) to make him a party man, in order that trust in him likewise may fail the heroine, whom we find, at the end, revering his memory indeed, but apparently having got beyond the faith he had taught her. Dorothea, again, is ever yearning, ever seeking, never finding, making one great mistake, and sinking at last upon a poor inferior nature, while in "Daniel Deronda" we have enthusiasm indeed, but for what? Something vainer than even Mr. Casaubon's great work, namely, the vain dreams of a Jew, visions of a future founded on his misread prophecies, which a Christian is supposed to adopt and turn back to. If Adam Bede or even Nancy Lamiter are set beside that fascinating gentleman,

Daniel Deronda himself, how poor and conventional a hero he becomes beside them!

Taken as portrait-galleries, as stores of acute sayings, and, above all, against that smooth, good-tempered, easy selfishness which comes to its climax in *Tito*, there is nothing that equals these novels, but alas that in works of such ability that all England hails their appearance, the true, deep soul is wanting! We are entertained while reading them, but we leave them saddened by the vague feeling that they prove nothing but "vanity of vanities, all is vanity," and there is no "conclusion of the whole matter," such as the preacher finds us at last.

Charles Kingsley always makes us feel that he has found that conclusion. Not one of his books, though they vary and reflect different moods and phases of mind, is devoid of a hearty, wholesome love of God in his works, and love of our neighbor; and thus we find him reading us higher and better lessons as his life went on, as well he might, for his life was better than his books.

Among the writers whose works throng the library lists there are some whose styles we know as well as we do that of the chief artists of the Royal Academy. Chief among these are, perhaps, Mrs. Oliphant and Miss Mulock, who resemble each other in some respects, both having a certain Scottish raciness and shrewdness, which, moreover, gives them a standpoint somewhat outside the English life with which they are usually concerned.

They seem to us to differ chiefly in this, not only that Miss Mulock has more force, and Mrs. Oliphant more versatility, but that the author of "*John Halifax*" always has an ideal and a purpose, and is much in earnest about it, while Mrs. Oliphant turns her world inside out and shows it up with a good deal of correctness, but with no particular purpose.

We are very far from always going along with Miss Mulock, or assenting to all that she would inculcate; but there is in almost all that she does a spirit which invigorates one. More than even her "*John Halifax*," does her beautiful tale, "*A Noble Life*," give this bracing and hopeful feeling of a victory to be gained and the power to gain it in spite of circumstances. Even "*A Brave Lady*," though almost too piteous a story, still shows the triumph of the true and faithful spirit, rising above all the misfortunes which the author has heaped on her, almost too cruelly.

But Mrs. Oliphant, in all her multitudinous and varying tales, seems to stand outside, and laugh at or pity her people, all alike, good, bad, and indifferent, with an exception sometimes for the hero or heroine. She likes to find their flaw, and be satirical over it, and though the biographer of Irving, S. Francis, and Montalembert, she has never attempted to produce an imaginary likeness of a saintly character. Perhaps she was most in earnest over the "*Son of the Soil*," where she was on Scottish ground; but her "*Chronicles of Carlingford*" are her cleverest works, and these are little more than elaborate, good-natured satires, chiefly on the clergy. She is almost as fond of showing up clerical life as is Mr. Trollope, and with less knowledge of it, as when, misled, we suppose, by the example of Dr. Colenso, she makes a clergyman take a colonial bishopric in order to have time to finish his book. The wives of clergymen do not receive much mercy at her hands, and in contrast, perhaps, to "goody books," she makes parish work appear a dull and dreary round, drawing the few English poor whom she brings in with harsh, un-tender lines, though the Scots sometimes fare better at her hands. She half admires, half quizzes sisterhoods, and draws droll pictures of the young curate daunted by the weariness of mothers' meetings. Who ever wanted a boy-curate at a mothers' meeting? But there is no question worked out in her tales — no one whom she seems to love, and who for that reason takes a hold of one's mind. They are merely ingenious stories, acted out by a set of people, made very real by a little droll display of their weak points. They are faithful, honorable, affectionate, and not commonplace, but true in their virtues and failings. We like them, that is all. Supposititious children are strangely frequent in these stories. She has the man who finds that he is not himself, but an unconscious impostor; and the youth who is supposed to be an impostor, and the lady who, having foisted a false heir on the family, finds him — or, rather his mother — an intolerable encumbrance. The second of the stories we allude to, "*Valentine and his Brother*," a sort of parody upon "*Valentine and Orson*," is one of the very best of Mrs. Oliphant's stories. The contrast of the two brothers is charming, and there is more pathos and sweetness than is usual with her, in the description of old Lord and Lady Eskdale when we leave them at the last.

These are tales we are always glad to

read: they are clever, sensible, pure, lady-like, and lively, but there is scarcely one that we should care to possess, or to lend to a person whose tone we wished to raise. Yet we can hardly tell why, unless it may be that there is this satirical tone of study and analysis of all lofty motive and strong devotion, from the Dissenting minister to the High Church chaplain, the benevolent lady or the sister.

Miss Ingelow has much more power of poetical and forcible description than Mrs. O'Phant. The scenes of the lonely children playing about the old church, and on the snowy midnight hill in "Off the Skellings," and the strange doom over the old house in "Fated to be Free," with the weird mystery of the garden, are wonderfully beautiful; and she has likewise a great power of fun, carrying us along irresistibly by her own enjoyment, but both stories are weakened by their rambling, disconnected plots, and by having half-completed episodes introduced, as if the author had not taken the trouble to work her charming fragments up into an harmonious whole.

Sarah Tyler almost always is bent on the exaltation of some one female character, who rises gallantly to the occasion, in some form of trying circumstances. She is most happy in scenes of the last century, where she hits off the manners of Scotland with a good deal of brilliancy, but we are rather tired of the inevitable wisdom of her Jeanies and her Maggies, who, however differently they begin, are very apt to end alike. There is, however, a sound, wholesome tone about them all, and there is one little book, called "Heroines of Obscurity," consisting of several short tales, which we think much more successful than her longer and more ambitious flights.

Space warns us not to dwell longer on individuals, though we should like to linger over Annie Keary's "Castle Daly," an admirable picture of Ireland as it was before Smith O'Brien's attempt at rebellion, and still more over her beautiful story of "Oldbury."

Nor will we here touch on the large world of "tales," in one, two, or four, but never three volumes — thus to avoid the novel form — which usually profess more of the didactic character, and are more decidedly for the young than the triplet publication attempts to be. We have tried to take a brief survey of the books that exercise a considerable influence in forming thought and manners, and giving a sort of insight into, and experience of,

scenes where the reader otherwise could not penetrate even in fancy.

If a poorly written novel be a means of wasting time, and an unscrupulous one something worse, a real work of art, studied from real life, and portrayed with brilliancy, so as to make real goodness and greatness attractive, is of absolute service. It wins sympathies that would never be caught by graver means, and it places many actions and many classes of persons in a new light, where it is well to see them and study them, and is often, indeed, the means of studying cases of conscience and questions of right and wrong. So far from thinking that the earnestly written novel with a purpose is a mistake, we are decidedly of opinion that one written without thought and principle, however light and attractive it may seem at first, lacks the germ of vitality, and will never endure. Much that is good and sound has but an ephemeral success, but without soundness and goodness nothing does survive. Fiction is the chief mental sustenance of the greater part of the female sex in this country at the present day. We owe it to those who surround us to do our best to keep the supply as pure and true as possible, and the only way in which to carry this out, is by abstinence on the part of ourselves and our families from meddling with what *may* be harmless to us, but certainly will not be harmless to the half educated, whose only training in the morals and ways of life is from these representations, and who eagerly view their descriptions of life as revelations of the manners of the higher classes. To us they are, of course, no standard, but to some, the very young in our own class, and to the numerous young people in a lower one, they are the chief external code as to all the minor morals of life, and, above all, as to the mode of looking on love and marriage. While this is the case, can our novels be a frivolous and unimportant subject?

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
PAULINE.

#### IN THE HEBRIDES.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### BY-PLAY AT THE BALL.

HERE was Elsie in a new light! He had seen her grave, merry, bold, timid, and on the verge of tears, but whatever might be *her* mood, she had never

moved *him* in the slightest degree before.

Now, the child had suddenly asserted her womanhood, and discomfited him. He looked so foolish, so crestfallen, standing there where she had left him, that he felt an explanation was due to himself. Due, but to whom? Pauline, of course. It did not occur to him to care whether any one else had observed the incident or not.

Apparently Miss La Sarte was too deeply engaged in conversation to have observed anything. Her face was turned upwards, her slim, willowy figure was slightly thrown back from the waist, and she was smiling. He thought he had never seen her look so well, but he thought it with a pang, for some one else had looked equally well a moment before.

The smile was still upon Pauline's cheek when he approached — a preoccupied, interrupted smile, with which he had nothing to do. He was compelled to wait ere he could gain her attention.

"I had to put a stop to your cousin's dancing with one of my men," he began. "A rough fellow. Lady Calverley would not have liked it. It was Tom's fault —" here he remembered he was speaking to Tom's sister, and stopped.

"Tom is thoughtless," said she, indifferently. "It did not occur to him, I daresay."

"Nor to your cousin either; she is much displeased with me."

"Is she? I daresay you deserve her displeasure."

"*You* are coming out in a new light too!" cried Blundell, inwardly. "What is the meaning of it?" Aloud, "Why should you suppose I deserve it?"

"Why should she be displeased with you?"

"She thought I was scolding her."

"Then probably you were. I have no doubt my cousin behaved admirably, and" — with a charming smile — "you must excuse me now, I am going to dance with Mr. Carr." Which, being interpreted, meant that Pauline was very angry.

Mr. Carr was a clumsy young man, whose figure appeared to have made up in quantity what it lacked in quality.

As (having taken Lady Calverley's shooting) he lived in a rude hut on the moor, with no accommodation in it for any one but himself and his servant, it might be supposed he was sometimes rather at a loss, and she had bethought her of summoning him to assist at the harvest-home.

His assistance proved pretty much what might have been expected.

He had no interest in the proceedings beyond as they amused himself; and as he had not appeared for an hour after the time specified, and had then found his hostess alone, save for the company of one white-headed old gentleman, he had meditated a speedy retreat.

The discovery of two pretty girls belonging to the house party had changed his mind; and he was considering which of the two to begin with, when his heart suddenly sank like lead. He had caught sight of Blundell and Tom, both in evening dress.

There was no reason why the spectacle should have affected him. It may be a matter of opinion whether or no he was not the more correctly attired of the two; certainly had he been in full dress, and the rest in morning clothes, it would have been infinitely more unpleasant.

But on this point numbers always have carried, always will carry, the day.

The consciousness of being comfortably and suitably clad fails to make happy the man who is habited unlike other men, especially if his is the convenient, theirs the becoming attire.

From this moment Mr. Carr became a nonentity.

There was no hope now of his flourishing about, cheering on the dance, being the principal figure in the room. This could have been borne by every one but himself. But neither was there any hope of his being a useful, efficient ally, and all were disgusted with him. He had been allowed to nurse his spleen in obscurity until Miss La Sarte, for purposes of her own, had drawn him forth, smiled upon him, and partially restored his self-complacency.

"You are not going to dance with that lout?" said Blundell, in a low aside.

"Why not? Are you going to scold me next?"

"Should you prove as refractory. Let me rescue you," offering his arm as he spoke.

"No, indeed; how can I? You would not have me behave so ill to this poor man. We have all neglected him quite enough to-night."

"Say you would, if you could, then."

"Our dawnce, I think," said Mr. Carr approaching, and looking at the interloper as if he feared even yet the morsel were to be snatched from his lips.

Fortune smiled upon him, however. Miss La Sarte showed no inclination to

linger, and that other fellow who had been making all the running with her up to this time was now left in the lurch. So he commented, and the reflection was balm to his wounded spirit.

Blundell, however, was not so deceived — he had got his answer, though not in words.

"Pauline," — Lady Calverley seized upon her niece, — "let this be the last. Elsie is growing quite wild. I don't know what odd-come-short she has got hold of now, but she ought not to dance with any but our own people."

"This is going to be the last, Aunt Ella."

"And do say a word to her, my dear; she heeds you more than she does me."

"What about? I think she is behaving as well as possible," said Pauline, perversely.

"My dear!"

"I do. I can't see any harm in her dancing: she has been doing it to please others the whole evening; she has never had a thought for herself. I think she deserves praise rather than blame."

Pauline was incomprehensible, and the perturbed lady fell back upon her uncle.

"Don't you think we have had enough of this?"

"I have had enough, Mary, and I dare say you have; but I doubt we are in the minority. Look at that scapgrace!" regarding with perfect benignity Tom's windmill figure and radiant countenance. "Do you hear him? — do you hear the young jackanapes? Making a din fit to bring the place down."

"He is but a boy," apologized Tom's aunt. "He forgets himself sometimes."

"Then let him forget himself as often as he can. A man who forgets himself has good stuff in him. What is his sister about, that she leaves all the work to little Elsie? Ah! I am glad to see her standing up at last."

On the whole, Lady Calverley was ill used by her confidants.

"Well done! well done, sir!" This from the doctor, clapping his hands loudly and with hearty approbation as Tom, panting, gasping, and using his handkerchief in a very different manner from that which had amused Punch the evening before, drew to his side.

"That *was* a reel!" cried he. "Did you see my partner's performances? She has nearly killed me! I never saw such a woman to dance in my life! And she is the mother of a dozen children, all here to-night, and all dancing like good uns!"

"Ay, ay," said the doctor. "I hope you

will foot it as nimbly when you come to be a grandmother, Elsie."

"I hope she won't ask me to foot it with her," said Tom. "I know what would happen. I should never survive it."

"The supper is ready; will your leddyship take your place the noo, or wull ye ha' them a' in first?"

"Take them in first, Davie, and we will follow when you come for us."

Accordingly, before many minutes had passed, there was an obvious diminution of the crowd.

It took nearly half an hour ere the emigration was finally accomplished; but, soon after the echoes of the last footsteps had died away, the lady of the manor and her friends were summoned.

Blundell was standing by Pauline when the messenger came; Tom was kissing his aunt over her shoulder, as he enveloped her in her furs; and the doctor was kindly trying to engage Mr. Carr in conversation, and make him feel less of an intruder into the circle. Elsie was resting on a bench at a little distance.

The wraps were now brought forward. Blundell took up his companion's, a soft, white, cloudy shawl, and drew it round her; then he looked at the little pale-blue bundle left on the seat, and hesitated.

Already their hostess was advancing on Tom's arm, and he fancied he caught a rueful glance directed to the blue shawl. He took it up, and smiled to Pauline. "I must make my peace with the little one," he said.

How she received this he could never tell; Mr. Carr had almost jumped forward, had pressed in front of him, and had led her off with an air of triumph.

The doctor, after a momentary hesitation, had followed; there was no one left to interfere.

"I hardly know if I may venture to offer my poor services," began Elsie's cavalier, in a voice that could be, when he chose, exquisitely modulated. "Will you take this from my hand?"

A slight formal inclination, and "Thank you," was all his politeness obtained.

"You have heated yourself with all this dancing; is it safe to go out into the night air all at once? Had we not better wait a few minutes?"

"I'm not in the least afraid. The others have gone, you see."

Steadily her eye met his. He was on the wrong tack; he must try another.

"Come, then," carelessly. "But don't go and say I gave you cold. By the way, have you forgiven me yet?"

"No." Short, sharp, emphatic.

"No? Are you such an implacable person? I should never have guessed it."

"You forgot yourself altogether just now, and it is not the first time."

This was the little speech which had been carefully prepared, whilst with bland and gracious mien Miss Calverley dispensed the closing favors. If their recent disagreement were not adverted to by him, neither would she say a word; if he recalled it, this was what he should get.

Evidently it was unexpected; he looked surprised, puzzled; and they walked the whole length of the ball-room in silence.

At the doorstep stood Davie, lantern in hand. "Be quick, Miss Elsie! be quick! They're waitin' on me, and I canna be wanted longer ——"

"Go on before," said Blundell, authoritatively; "we will follow. Now," said he, firmly, turning round to his companion, and putting his hand upon her arm, "you will tell me what you mean."

"It is easily told. You do not treat me with the courtesy which is my right, and which I expect from you in the future."

Likewise carefully prepared. It was plain he stood at disadvantage, having had no rehearsal.

His "That is a grave charge, Miss Calverley," was rather a lame conclusion to some moments' thought.

"It is a true one."

"May I ask how long I have lain under your displeasure?"

"Always." Terse, if not grammatical.

"Since the first day?"

"Yes; since the first day."

"And you will not state particulars?"

"No."

She moved forward, and he mechanically offered his hand to conduct her down the steps.

Still nothing more was said. It was apparent he was pondering the matter over, and her heart sank a little as she saw she had not done with him.

"Just tell me," said he, at last, as they entered the dark, old-fashioned portico. "Just give me some idea what I do that so vexes you; and I give you my word for it, that you shall never have cause to complain again."

"It is not — not anything in particular," rejoined she, skirmishing, like a wise general, from the heights. "It is the way you always speak to me, always look at me, as if you were saying things to see how I would take them, to — to play with me. You never behave so to Pauline."

A faint smile stole over his face; he had caught the clue.

"Miss La Sarte is some years older than you are; you must not expect to be treated exactly the same."

It was a risk, but the event justified his temerity.

"I did not expect it," said Elsie, quite humbly; "I did not expect to be treated *quite* the same. But still, if you would not make such a great difference, if you would not show it so plainly, it would — the others would — you know" — she broke off suddenly — "I am not a child now."

"Certainly not," said Blundell, gravely.

"And mamma is so vexed if people think I am younger than I am. She is quite put out with *me* when they do so; she thinks it is my fault."

"Are you sure it is not?"

"Perhaps it is," said Elsie, sorrowfully. Then she stood still in the blaze of light into which they had entered, and raised her clear eyes to his. "I must have been wrong, or you would never have said that."

He looked down on her, "Suppose we say we were both wrong."

"Yes," eagerly; "and — and, Mr. Blundell, please don't tell anybody; please" (with great anxiety) "don't tell mamma or Pauline." . . .

The next moment Tom was in front of them.

"We thought you had been locked out. I was on my way to look you up. Come inside, it is such fun. I tell Aunt Ella she ought to make a speech, and Uncle Macleay backs me up, Elsie." Then to her aside, "You should see that fool, Carr! He thinks it is his innings with Pauline now, and he is grinning and wriggling from ear to ear. What was Blundell about to let him cut in? I could not believe my eyes!"

All that followed after this must of necessity be done or said in public. Healths were drunk, songs were sung, speeches were made; and at length the last guest had departed, and the last lamp was put out.

"I must say it, dear. I am sorry to have to reprove you, but I cannot let it pass. Your behavior to-night did not please me at all. Here, there, everywhere; you and Tom never seemed in one place for two minutes together. It is all very well for Tom; but for you, a young lady — I was quite shocked. So different from Pauline!"

Lady Calverley, who was one of the flighty kind herself, held her niece to be perfect, and would fain have cut her daughter to the same pattern.

"Go to bed now, and let us say no more about it; but it really will not do. We shall have to give up our harvest-dances altogether, if there is to be this romping. Just like the Miss Gregorys!"

"Oh, mamma!"

"Well, it is; I never approved of it from the first—never. But your poor dear father—however, let us say no more about it. Your uncle was very kind; but I am sure Mr. Blundell was surprised, and I don't wonder at it."

A little droop of the lips, but no protest.

"Pauline behaved so well—but, indeed, she always does. So gentle, so dignified, never putting herself forward, and—how well she looked!" cried Lady Calverley, with sudden eagerness. "I am sure Mr. Blundell is struck with her."

"Good night, mamma."

"Good night, my love. You look pale," observed her mother, with some compunction. "I don't say that you meant any harm, Elsie, but you must learn that you are growing into a woman, dear, and show more womanly feeling. You know I can only desire your good. Oh, don't cry!" said the poor lady, cut to the heart to see the large eyes filling. "It was no fault, I told you that; I did not mean you to take it so. Now you make me feel as if I should not have spoken. Only wrong things are worth tears, Elsie."

Lady Calverley did not stop to reflect how seldom it is the things which are wrong which cost the bitterest tears: a foolish speech of our own, a slighting word of another's, and our pillow is wet; but where are the drops that should fall over the unkind thought, the envious pang, the jest at folly? Our heart will ache for a prick to our vanity, our cheeks burn at the mocking of a simpleton; but does their *sin* cause us a sigh or a cry? Nay, for this we have no choking sobs, no quivering lips. To weep we need to suffer.

And thus with our little Elsie.

She sleeps, but even her dreams are haunted. She wakes, and recollection wakes with her.

They had all conspired in disapproval. Blundell had told her of one indiscretion; her mother had accused her of many. She had herself asserted that she was no longer a child, and almost immediately afterwards had been charged with want of womanly feeling.

And then, cruellest of all was that com-

parison to Pauline. Happy Pauline! Admired as well as beloved, beautiful as well as good, what needed she more?

"And he to dare to tell me that! To hold her up as an example to me" (which he had not done), "and to say that I must not expect to be treated the same! I wish he would go away, and take her with him! I wish never to see either of their faces again! And here I must go down to them all, as if nothing had happened, and submit to be scolded and lectured by everybody! I sha'n't though—not by him. When he comes up next I shall be sitting quite cool and quiet, and be very much taken up with letters, or something. If he speaks I need not hear at first, I will make him repeat it twice; then he may go and talk to his Pauline! Tom shall keep his distance too; he thinks he can twist me round his little finger. Mamma won't like it, I daresay. I shall just tell her I can't help that; I am doing my best to be like Pauline!"

A pause.

"Oh, I couldn't say it! I could never, never say it! Oh, Pauline! dear, dear, *kind* Pauline!" broke out a loud sobbing whisper as pride and passion fled, "I am a very wicked girl, and you are—an angel! God bless you, God bless you, dear Pauline!"

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### "THE JUANITA IS GETTING UP HER SAILS!"

Merrily, merrily goes the bark  
On a breeze from the northward free;  
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,  
Or the swan through the summer sea.

A PALE-GREY rippling sea, a warm and gentle breeze, cloudlets fleeting over the sky and forming a dimly mottled horizon—these were the signs that the long-expected day had come at last.

About such a day there could not be the shadow of a doubt, and for a few moments the joyful anticipation it inspired put everything else out of Elsie's head.

At length they were to realize the pleasure so long and hopelessly deferred; and afterwards, decided the ungrateful girl, the author of it might go his way, and be seen of them no more.

Pauline surely could not be deeply concerned if such were to be the case: her warning in the turret chamber indicated that then, at all events, she was herself unaware of any feeling regarding him; and if she were now conscious of such, she would guard her own heart, as she had offered to guard Elsie's.

As for him, it did not signify whether he were concerned or not. She only felt aggrieved that her means of ascertaining his feelings were so limited, as to put it out of her power to be absolutely certain of wounding them.

Nevertheless she hastily retracted the *rôle* prepared in the night. It would scarcely do to pretend not to hear if he were to be offering her his hospitality; and to accept, and be rude in the act, would be impossible.

In less than two minutes she had resolved to lose sight of all disagreeable reminiscences, and enjoy herself to the utmost.

"Pauline, Pauline, the Juanita is getting up her sails!"

"I was a fool about that child last night," was the conviction brought home to Blundell's mind the instant he saw Elsie. "Here have I been fretting over my cursed vanity, and her little sad face—and come up to find her as pert as a hummingbird!"

"Miss La Sarte," began he, "is this to be the day?"

"My aunt will be here in a few minutes. She has only gone into the next room." Miss La Sarte politely waived the question. He sat down beside her.

"None of you are the worse for your exertions?"

"No, thank you."

"Nor any colds?"

"No."

"And the weather is perfect. Dr. Macleay, I am hoping to induce you all to come for a sail."

"I shall have to sail, but I am afraid not with you, Mr. Blundell. I must sail away to my own people."

"Let me—let us all convoy you."

"No, no, my good sir, I know what that means. It is very tempting, but I must not take another lazy day."

"What do I hear?" Lady Calverley had caught the last words as she entered. "Talking of running away, already! And I understood you were to be with us on Sunday?"

"If Mr. Sinclair cannot get any one else, I shall have to come over again, or send my missionary——"

"Oh, come yourself. Come yourself, please."

"Come yourself," echoed Elsie.

"Well, well, it must be that, must it? And to speak the truth, there is a presbytery meeting at the Point on Monday, which I should have to attend at any rate."

So I must be off early to-day, if I am to be back again so soon.

"And when are we to start?" said Blundell, addressing his hostess.

"Do you really mean us to go?"

"I hope you really mean to go."

It was plain she was to go, whether she meant it or not.

"Don't wait for me," cried the doctor, perceiving he might be in the way. "The sooner I am off the better. And," giving her a hint, "I daresay Mr. Blundell's boat is waiting."

"That does not signify a bit. I only wish we might have you with us," replied Blundell, courteously.

"You are very good; I wish it too with all my heart. But work must be done, and I have a funeral at twelve. Yes, my dear, the dog-cart if you please. Mr. Blundell, suppose you walk off with me while the ladies are putting on their things, and they can join you at the boat? The dog-cart will overtake us."

Every one looked grateful for a proposal so well timed, and he took his leave amid general good-will.

"What a trump he is!" cried Tom, enthusiastically, "And what a jolly day we are going to have!"

"Now for the lilac hat, Pauline," whispered Elsie.

"The white one will do after all, Elsie, and be more shade from the sun."

"It is not nearly so becoming."

"Is it not? Oh, that is no matter." And Pauline turned softly away.

"She thinks he will see her often enough in it afterwards," considered Elsie; "and certainly it does not signify what she puts on—he will admire her all the same."

"Come along! Come along! Come along!" Tom beat a tattoo at all the doors in turn. "Come along, Aunt Ella; you won't like to be hurried on the way, you know. Come along, Pauline; Blundell will be tired of waiting. Come along, Elsie; are you putting twenty hats on your head at once?" adapting the spur to each case with artful nicety.

Pauline in her white hat and frock, with a shawl hung over her arm, came out at his summons, but Elsie refused any recognition of it.

Her door was barred, and she was changing for the third time from one dress to the other.

Originally she had intended wearing a delicate pea-green French cambric, which of course suited her charmingly.

It was a simple thing enough, but so

pretty in its glossy freshness, that she hesitated to doom it to the wash-tub — an inevitable result of the expedition.

On the other hand, the *pique*, which was her only alternative, ought to have been in the wash-tub already.

Oh for a white serge like Pauline's!

As she peeped out of her window, and nodded to her cousin on the lawn, protesting that she would be down in something under half a second — whilst she had, in fact, not even begun operations in earnest — this desire took possession of her mind.

A white serge! It seemed to have been manufactured for the occasion.

After that vision the *pique* became intolerable. Off with it! On with the other! A bunch of dark sweet-peas in her bosom, and she is ready.

Nor had the elder lady been without her perplexities.

An old good gown, or a new middling gown? A warm gown, or a cool gown? A long gown that would be dreadfully in the way, or a short one that would perhaps be — well, hardly in the way enough?

She too had a glimpse of her niece standing in the sunshine outside.

At the moment, Tom was inserting a red rose in his sister's white straw hat, to match the crimson shawl on her arm; and her simple robe, without a frill or flounce, without a ruffle to break its surface, fell in soft folds over the grass. Pauline was stooping forward, as Tom, with excellent taste, arranged the rose.

"A perfect picture!" exclaimed the aunt; "and how exactly alike they are!"

Lady Calverley was not quick in discernment. She saw the same brown hair (which curled for Tom) and the long brown lashes (which did the like for his sister), the same curve of the chin, and the same short upper lip, and said, "How like they are!"

A slight action of the hand when speaking, and a trick of lifting the head, and throwing it backwards when under the influence of any emotion, was also shared by both, and in allusion to this Lady Calverley added, "And in all their ways, too!"

Then she too decided on the gown which she had *not* meant to wear; for, good woman as she was, she did not like to be thrust altogether into the shade.

"What are those two about?" muttered Tom. "What in the world had they to do, but put on their boots? Can't you manage to rout them out, Pauline? You have been ready for nearly half an hour."

"Am I properly dressed, Tom?"

"Yes, you are all right; but the rose was the finishing touch. I have got this white one for Elsie. What a roaster of a day it is going to be! Aunt Ella! I say, Aunt Ella! You won't need to put on your fur boa!!! Oh, here comes Miss Elsie at last, and as demure as possible! Here, mademoiselle, I have got this white rose for you."

"Thank you, Tom, but give it to Pauline. She is in white, you see, as it is."

"And you *don't* see how beautifully I have carried out the idea?" pointing to the rose and shawl. "White against white would be poor, it is the red that touches it up. She would never have thought of that for herself. I saw it in a moment."

"Then what do you think of this mixture?" said Pauline, divining her cousin's feelings. "These rich dark hues against the pale green? They are lovely, Elsie dear. You look very sweet," said she, with a strange little thrill in her voice.

"Not bad," said Tom, twirling his rose silently in his fingers, and waiting to see if it would be asked for.

Another minute, and he felt sure it would; but "My dear Tom, is that for me?" from his aunt, naturally put an end to the matter.

Blundell was waiting for them at the boat.

The tide was tolerably high, and they embarked without any occurrence worthy of note.

The usual exclamations of novices on their first admittance on board a yacht, — the usual wonder at the snowy whiteness of the boards, and at the comforts and luxuries of the cabins, together with the usual unexpressed commentaries on their smallness and narrowness, — were duly gone through.

They were taken to see everything above and below, the compass, the kitchen, the chickens roasting for luncheon; and finally, seats were arranged in a comfortable place, and they sat in a group, all together, maintaining that easy dropping chit-chat which people readily fall into, whose tastes and feelings are in common, when they have been inmates of one dwelling for any length of time.

If Blundell had not been an inmate of the castle, they had seen scarcely less of him during the past ten days than if he had been.

When topics failed, exclamations on the beauty of the scene, the excellence of the

day, and the delights of sailing, filled up the intervening spaces.

Presently, however, there was a move.

Pauline wished to pencil the outlines of the broken mountain-range which they were passing on the northern side, and Blundell was confident that he could find her a more convenient seat for the purpose.

Over a long low bench (it might have been a spare mast, and probably was) he spread a rug, and the tiny skylight of the cabin gave a support to her back.

Could she be comfortable there?

Perfectly, and she confessed he was in the right—she could now sketch at her leisure.

But to do so she was obliged to furl her parasol, and the glare of the sun was such, that he could do no other than offer to hold it over her.

This she could not allow; she had no need of it—her hat was sufficient protection—it was only a trouble.

"You will break this, as you broke the other," said he, "unless I am allowed to keep it out of the way."

She would not break it—she would permit him to put it anywhere he liked, but he must not sacrifice himself.

So persistent was she that he grew irritated. "Pray let me have my own way for once." ("I am not *going* to make love to you, so you need not be so dead set against it," flashed through his mind.)

After this Miss La Sarte gave in.

"I am afraid," said Blundell presently, after a pause, in which he had had time to grow ashamed of himself, "that you must think me a very quarrelsome fellow. I never was sweet-tempered, but I have been worse than ever lately. Miss La Sarte, do you know what it is to be so out of conceit of yourself, as to take amiss everything said to you?"

"Is that your feeling?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Irritation of the nervous system, probably."

"How prosaic! But I daresay you are right."

Then there was another pause, and a burst of merriment came across the deck from the other party.

"They are more talkative than we are," said Blundell.

"I never talk when I am drawing."

"You are making a very pretty little sketch, but is that peak high enough?"

"It is quite high enough—I measured it with my pencil; but until it is shaded,

you cannot judge of it correctly. It looks too near at hand, in this outline."

This was all. These short spasmodic sentences, with absolutely nothing in them.

Supposing him to have been a lover, this was his opportunity.

The others were close at hand, it was true, but they were out of sight and out of hearing.

Here was abundance of leisure, close proximity, and everything favorable.

Yet his reserve was matched by hers, and if he was absent, so was she.

Towards mid-day the breeze increased.

"Isn't it jolly?" said Tom, coming round. "Could anything be more splendid? This baking sun and that swish of the waves against her sides! But, I say," wagging his head, with a sly look, "somebody over there is beginning to feel the motion."

#### CHAPTER X.

##### "GOOD-NIGHT, DEAR!"

Each puny wave in diamonds rolled,  
O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold  
With azure strove, and green;  
The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,  
And oft renewed, seemed oft to die,  
With breathless pause between.

"If they would only have had luncheon, when it began to be rough! I know I could have stood it as well as any one! It was only being so hungry and so empty, and the sight of those chickens as they passed! Oh, Pauline! how can you look so fresh? Don't you feel it, in the least?"

Poor Elsie lay on a sofa in the inner cabin, and hours had passed since she left the deck.

"I think if you had not gone below so soon," suggested her cousin; "if you would have waited, and had some brandy-and-water, and a little hard biscuit, as Mr. Blundell suggested, you would have been better."

"How could I? It was too late then. He never came near me till just at the end, when I could wait up no longer."

"He did not think of it till Tom came round and told us. We heard you laughing only a few minutes before."

"I thought I could manage to hold out, but Tom would make me look at things. It was that, and having to speak to him, and to say I was enjoying myself, just at the very worst moment—just when we got round the corner into the open sea—that made me know how wretched I was. If he had let me alone —"

"Never mind now, dear; I am going to sit with you a little."

"Oh no, you are not."

Pauline sat down.

"You are going to do nothing of the kind," cried Elsie, raising herself on her elbow. "I told mamma I would not have her either. Because I can't enjoy it, do you think I am going to let you lose it all? Go away, and be as happy as ever you can; but don't let anybody come near me. Now mind you don't," beseechingly.

"Mr. Blundell," said Pauline, in a low voice, "was very anxious to come down and carry you up to the deck."

"The idea of such a thing! How could he think of it?"

Pauline smiled a grave smile, and put her cool hand on the girl's brow.

"Ah! how nice!" exclaimed Elsie. "My head does burn so! But, Paulie dear, I really don't want you here. I can't talk to you if you stay, and it would make me worse to have you. So just go away, but — give me a kiss, first."

"It is delightful, Mr. Blundell! I enjoy it thoroughly; but my poor little daughter —"

"I wish we could get in a little sooner, for her sake. But the wind has chopped round to another quarter, and you see it is dying down besides. I am afraid it must be another hour, at the shortest, before we shall be there, Lady Calverley."

Even so it proved. The breeze sank away to a whisper. The waves subsided, and the Juanita made almost imperceptible progress.

"Surely your cousin will venture up now?" said Blundell to Tom.

"I'll go and see."

"No, Tom, let me go." Pauline had risen. "I will bring her up, if it is possible."

It proved to be impossible. She was unwillingly supported into the saloon; but there she begged to be left, and only sent for, when they were going to land. The pretty green dress was crumpled beyond recovery, and her sweet-peas strewed the floor.

Her cousin would again have stayed, but Elsie was peremptory. She would neither condemn Pauline to the little close cabin, nor afford a pretext for any of the others to offer their company.

Pauline was to say that it was her special wish to be alone; and this message Pauline delivered so completely in the spirit in which it was given that it was impossible even for Tom to do more than

shout down the cabin-stairs from time to time, "Any better, Elsie? We are close at home now."

How close they were she could not judge; but the cheerful tidings were announced more than once before a stir overhead, a rattling of ropes, and a general movement, proclaimed that something new was going on.

A few seconds after, steps were heard on the cabin-stair; then a stoppage, and an order was given, by which she knew who the intruder was.

"He is coming to fetch me now," thought Elsie. "I wish it had been any one else. And this is the day I have been looking forward to so much; this is the end of my beautiful sunny morning! I never, never will set my heart upon anything again!"

"You have had a sad time of it, I am afraid." Blundell's voice came in at the door. "We are opposite Gourloch now, and the ladies are waiting to disembark. May I come in?"

Elsie raised herself languidly, and tried to smile.

She felt weak and wearied, but no longer giddy, and was able to stand without assistance. "I suppose it is quite calm now?" she said.

"Like a mill-pond. Scarcely a breath to keep us going," picking up her hat from the floor as he spoke. "Your cousin is a rare good sailor; she has been quite enjoying it."

"And so has mamma."

"Yes, I don't think Lady Calverley has been the least uneasy. What a pity the sea does not suit you! Headache?" said he, kindly, seeing she put her hand to her forehead.

"It is nothing, thank you; it will go off in the fresh air. What a fright I look!" cried Elsie, involuntarily, as, hat in hand, she turned to the mirror.

He laughed, "That was so like you."

Burning as they were already, her cheeks blushed a deeper crimson. "Ought I not to have said it?"

"No."

"I am ready," said she, quietly.

"You won't ask me why you ought not? It was because it was not true."

"Oh!" A little smile. "But I am sure it is true," said she, after a minute. "My hair is all coming down, and my face is so hot — never mind; let us come upstairs."

"Let me cloak you up first. Coming out of the cabin, though it is such a warm night, you might catch cold."

She allowed him to put on her shawl, and waited patiently while he bungled with the pin. He was awkward, or preoccupied. Which was it? At all events, the operation took up several minutes' time.

"Now I am ready," said Elsie, once more; on which he silently took her hand, and she suffered herself to be led up-stairs.

No one was near the spot when the two emerged.

Blundell looked round, and stood still irresolutely, took a few paces forward, again stopped, and bent down towards her. "I am so sorry you are going," he said. "Good-night, good-night, dear!"

Little word to undo it all! Elsie neither spoke nor moved, but stood still, and let him see it all in her face.

"Wait here one moment," said he, hurriedly. "The boat is lowered, and the men—"

"Oh," said Tom, coming to meet him half-way across the deck; "you were so long in coming that your fellows grew impatient. They said every moment was precious when the tide was at this point for the landing, and my aunt was growing fidgety, so I took it upon me to let them go. She can't get over the rocks, you know. It won't matter for Elsie."

"All right," replied his friend, with indifference. ("So that was what kept you quiet, was it?")

"Tom has sent off the boat," he announced, aloud. "He was quite right. It will be difficult, as it is, for Lady Calverley to land comfortably; but Tom declares he can easily help *you* over the rocks."

"I can help myself," muttered the girl. "I don't need him."

"Yes, you will, and me, too, I suspect. Suppose I come too?" he added, bending forward to look into her face.

"I could not think of troubling you," said Elsie, gently.

"Is it a trouble? What do you think? Come, sit down here where your cousin has had her seat all day. Why, you are shivering, child, and the night is quite hot! Are you chilly?" said he, touching her hand.

A faint "No."

"I know what it is; you have eaten nothing to-day. Suleiman, a cup of coffee here, as soon as you can, and make it strong. Bring some bread or cake too."

"Oh no, I—I really could not touch it," said Elsie, as the man departed. "I wish you had not sent him. I am not in the least hungry. And besides, there is no time."

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"Quite enough time. Do you see what Tom is doing? He is a cunning fellow; he has got round old Blake, and taken the wheel."

"But what is he doing?"

"Giving us a turn out. We sha'n't be quite so near the land when the boat comes back."

"But what is he doing that for?"

"I suppose he thinks," said her companion, sitting down by her side as he spoke, and watching the effect of his words, "that he would not object to having a few more of those rocks uncovered!"

"It is very presuming of him!" cried she, flushing up, as his meaning became apparent to her. "What right has he to interfere?"

"Don't be angry with Tom," said Blundell. "I am not."

"He may do all sorts of mischief."

"He may—if you are bad to him."

("He treats me like a child," sobbed the poor little girl in her heart. "He thinks Tom and I are fond of each other, and it amuses him. Oh, how cruel it all is!")

"Why are you crying?" said a low voice in her ear.

"I am *not!*" with a sharp ring in her "*not!*" and two brimming, wide-open eyes, Elsie turned, and defied him.

"Did you want so very much to get ashore?"

"Yes, very much. I am tired, and—oh, I beg your pardon, I did not mean to be rude," the bold beginning suddenly faded into a whisper. "Please do not mind. Please go away."

"Must I go away? You will have no one to talk to, if I do, and I am very happy here," said Blundell, dallying with his happiness, as a man will do who feels that he holds his fate in his own hands. "Why should I go away?"

She saw her mistake.

"Why should I go away?" reiterated he.

Still no reply.

"Let me give you your coffee first. You don't take sugar, I know. You will thank me, or rather Suleiman, when you have tasted it; he is one of the few gifted individuals who really can make coffee. Now, is that not good? I thought so, and you will be the better for it too. Good coffee is one of the best restoratives in the world. Any more? Quite sure? And now, tell me, for I want to know, *why should I go away?*"

She had thought to get off.

The easy transition to the tones of a

polite host, the allusion to her tastes, the little word of praise to his servant, had completely deceived her.

How strange that he should persist in teasing! Why should he seek to amuse himself with her, just because he could not get Pauline? It was neither right nor kind of him; it was wrong, very wrong. And yet he had called her "*dear*."

She was stupefied, dumb, unfit to contesting so close a combat.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry!" Tom's voice was startling in its suddenness. "But I'm afraid I have taken you out rather further than I meant to do. Blake and I fell to talking, and he was spinning some long yarn or other: I don't know how it came about, but we have put her out instead of in."

"You must take us back again, old fellow, that's all."

Tom looked about him for a seat.

"You can't leave the skipper, now that you have got him into the scrape," continued Blundell. "You must stay and chat with the old boy, or you will have him quite savage. He is looking after you now with the tail of his eye."

Tom hesitated and looked down upon the pair.

His cousin, sitting forward, her cheek resting on her hand, took no heed of him. Her eyes were fixed on the golden sea-line, on the purple bank of clouds above, and on the little fleet of herring-boats, whose brown sails showed darkly against the sky. She was absent, absorbed; musing doubtless on the beauty of the scene, drinking in the sweet warm air of the summer night. Blundell, lying by her side, was no nearer to her in such contemplations than he at the other end of the deck; and what a walk home he and Elsie would have!

No one pressed his departure, but the look of indolent expectation in Blundell's eyes was more difficult to withstand than words. He went, and left the two still silent.

"Well?" said the man, at last.

"Well, what?" murmured the girl.

"I have not had an answer to my question yet."

"You are only joking. What does it matter? Look, do you see those little vessels on the horizon? They are on their way north, for the herring have gone from here. I heard some fishermen say so yesterday. It is curious, is it not, that they should come and go, in that way, no one knowing why, or able even to guess?"

"Very. Yes. Elsie, I am going to tell you something."

So then, it had come at last!

He was going to tell her now, to confide in her, doubtless because he could not keep it to himself any longer. She had felt how it would be, how it must be from the very first; yet to tell it to *her*—that *she* should be the recipient of his love-tale, when the love was for another, struck her poor sick heart, a new jealous blow. Could she let him go on? could she encourage the recital?

Ah, she must—she must.

But a few words would be sufficient—one word, a monosyllable; and in the end a little quavering "Yes" struggled across her lips.

"You send me away from you," began the narrator, in a deep undertone, "and yet you will give me no reason why I should go. Now I am going to show you the best of reasons why I should not. Elsie, do you know that I have seen to-day some one whom I can never forget? some one who steals my thoughts by day, and breaks in upon my dreams at night? Do you know that I am a dull fellow, always looking on the black side of things, and that I am haunted by that little merry laugh, those saucy eyes? What do you say? Do you think you know—you do, you must have guessed, at least, who it is that I mean? Tell me then, have you not?"

A sinking head, a heaving bosom confessed its "Yes," a guilty whisper tried to reach him, "No."

"Haven't you? And I am just going to ask her —"

"Aha, Ralph! old boy! Run you to earth at last!"

From *The Spectator*.  
THE INCOME OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

THE Liberation Society in 1875 requested Mr. Frederick Martin, the compiler of the "Statesman's Year-Book," to make as accurate an estimate as possible "of the extent, nature, and value of the property in possession of the Church of England;" and, after some hesitation, he complied. Though hampered by the absence of official returns, and fretted by frequent contradictions in the returns available, he succeeded at last in preparing a statement in which he has, "upon

the whole," some confidence; and this he has now given to the world, in the shape of an over-condensed, and we are bound to add, unusually unreadable pamphlet. It is, however, very concise, very full of curious information and hints as to the printed documents from which further information may be obtained, and very well supplied with abstracts which will be greatly quoted in all future controversies about the wealth of the establishment. Mr. Martin is a painstaking statist, he professes to be entirely without bias in his investigation; and although we must by-and-by dispute some of his figures, we see no reason to doubt that he has done his work as faithfully as if he had been a member of the civil service ordered to compile a return for the members of the House of Commons. His estimate, therefore, whatever its accuracy, is of political interest, and it is as follows:—

	Total Annual Number.	Income.
Church dignitaries, includ- ing Deans, etc. . . .	172	£347,000
Extra Cathedral Revenues . . .	—	130,000
Beneficed Clergy . . .	13,300	5,027,000
Net Revenue of Queen Anne's Bounty . . .	—	34,000
 Total	13,472	£5,538,000
Net Disposable Income of the Ecclesiastical Commission: . . .	—	700,000
Building and Repairing of Churches . . .	—	1,000,000
 Total annual revenue	—	£7,238,000

According to this statement, the income of the Established Church is seven and a quarter millions a year, equal to the product of an income-tax of fivepence in the pound, or to the usual amount of poor-rate throughout the kingdom; but there is one grave source of error in these figures, and at least one of an important though minor kind. The million sterling said, on the evidence of some calculations in the *Times*, which seem to us to be reasonable, to be expended on the building, restoring, and repairing of churches, has no proper place in the account. It is not a revenue at all, but an aggregate of free-will offerings from individuals, including large sums from the clergy themselves, and has no necessary character of permanence. It will decline greatly when the strong desire now felt to restore old churches has run its course, and would cease altogether, if Englishmen as a body deserted or disliked the worship of the establishment. To include it in the cost of the religious

services of the people might be fair, but to include it in the revenue of the State Church is simply preposterous. The money is not exacted from anybody, nor could it be transferred by legislation to anybody else. A man might as well include in his income-tax returns the value of the dinners given him in his friends' houses, or of the presents made to his children on their birthdays. The whole amount must be struck off the account, and the revenue of the establishment reduced to £6,238,000, from which also, we submit, another deduction must be made. Mr. Martin has placed the income value of the parsonages far too high. He does not include the glebe *lands*, for their value is taken in calculating the average income of the beneficed clergy, and to assign £75 as the average value of the houses only, and to fix the aggregate income from that source at £750,000, is certainly to exaggerate. The parsonages may have cost £1,500 each, as he says — though they did not, for most of them were rebuilt in very much cheaper times, and are kept up out of the property of clergymen deceased, under the law of dilapidations — but their income value is the sum they will let for, and that is certainly not £75 each. Mr. Martin forgets that six thousand of them at least are village parsonages, very quiet dwellings, by no means in the very best repair, and in thousands of cases fairly valued at £35 or £40 a year. Few laymen would give even that, if the law of dilapidations hung over their heads as it does over those of beneficed clergymen. A reduction of at least the amount of the odd money ought to be made for this, and then we arrive at what we believe fairly to represent the truth, — that the income of the Church of England is about six millions a year. That is a large sum, and if capitalized would look still larger. The whole is derived either from estates or glebe land and houses — including a considerable mass of London property — or from rent-charges on the land, and might, but for its fluctuating character, be capitalized at thirty-three years' purchase. We believe, however, that owing to the fluctuating character of tithe-payments, and perhaps some lurking dread of legislative action in respect to them, good valuers do not credit them at more than twenty-five years' purchase, and the total capital value may therefore be taken at £150,000,000. This sum, however, is subject to one large deduction. Of the total number of livings, 3,886 belong to the Church itself, and 1,726 to the executive government in

different departments, but 5,096 belong to private patrons, whose right to the advowsons must be bought up. Taking Mr. Martin's average of £350 a year as the income of a beneficed clergyman to be accurate, and the proper value of an advowson to be ten years' purchase,—Parliament would give that at least, though the "market value" fluctuates in the most amazing way,—we have an average sum of £3,500 to be paid for each advowson, and £17,836,000 for the entire mass. There are other compensations to be added, which would, we believe, bring this deduction up to £20,000,000 at least, thus leaving the aggregate of Church property to be dealt with in the event of disestablishment at £130,000,000,—an enormous mass of wealth for a disestablished Church to carry away, or if Parliament resolved on disendowment as well as disestablishment, for the legislature to distribute among its natural claimants, the Church, the educating bodies, and the poor. The political importance of this consideration cannot be overlooked. Mr. Gladstone, who has dealt all his life with enormous sums, professed himself appalled by the difficulty of dealing with the Church's wealth when he reckoned it at only £80,000,000, and whenever the subject comes up for practical legislation, the perplexity will undoubtedly weigh heavily with any statesman not possessed by an idea.

It is useless to deny—and we have no interest in denying, for we care much more about the intellectual and moral position of the Church than about its possessions—that an average of £10,000 per benefice will strike the body of the people as a heavy endowment; but it is, in reality, by no means enormous, if they mean to have a clergy who shall be educated, who shall be married, and who shall be prohibited from any gainful occupation except tuition. If they are prepared to enforce celibacy, as a rule, or to listen to a peasant clergy, or to allow the clerical office to be combined with other occupations, such an endowment would be needless, but the conditions being granted, the amount is not very great. It is only £350, at consol interest, for each rector or vicar,—that is, would only place the clergy, if it were equally distributed, in about the position of average country doctors. The cost of living being taken into account, it is not twenty per cent. more than Lowland pastors of the Free Church receive, and would excite no envy among Wesleyans. The system of dividing the

money in a sort of lottery, with some heavy prizes and a good many blanks, blinds observers to that fact too much, as do crude statements like some of those recorded even in the pamphlet before us. Mr. Martin opens his summary by a very grandiose and, we must add, very misleading paragraph. He says: "The aggregate revenues of the Church of England may be considered as coming from three sources of wealth. They are, first, land; secondly, buildings; and thirdly, salaries, or stipends. Near a million of acres of land, for the most part rich and fertile, are owned by the Church. Sixteen thousand stately religious edifices, with a score and a half of majestic cathedrals among them, are dotted all over the kingdom, and attached to them are ten thousand glebe houses, for the exclusive use of the ministers of the Established Church. Their total annual incomes amount to at least £7,000,000." That is a mouthful, but it is not altogether accurate even on Mr. Martin's own showing. We rather think he has mistaken a million a year from land for a million of acres. He gives himself the following figures:—

	Area of land in acres.
Ecclesiastical Commissioners . . . . .	149,882
Bishops . . . . .	22,414
Deans . . . . .	68,838
Colleges of Oxford . . . . .	126,879
Colleges of Cambridge . . . . .	108,764
Glebe land (page 104) . . . . .	150,000
	<hr/> 626,777

Where are the remaining four hundred thousand acres? Even of this six hundred thousand acres, 235,643, or nearly half, belong to the universities, which are not bodies with ecclesiastical objects, and are rapidly ceasing to hold any special relation whatever to the Church. The establishment owns about three hundred and sixty thousand acres—that is, about as much as two Dukes of Northumberland—and half of this is divided into some ten thousand very minute freeholds. That is not, surely, a very portentous or dangerous monopoly of the soil. Whether the sixteen thousand churches can be called "stately religious edifices" is matter of opinion—the list certainly includes many hundreds of brick barns—but how we are to obtain a cultivated and married clergy, prohibited from all labor, for less than £350 a year apiece, we entirely fail to perceive. Leaving out all considerations of the sums they give to curates, to the schools, and to charity—

sums many of which are not voluntary—and accepting Mr. Martin's statements without any deductions not explained above, we still think we buy the beneficed clergy cheap, cheaper than we buy any similar class of men. Whether the Church fund ought to be created by the State instead of by subscription is an open question, but that the fund is enormous for the work demanded is, even on these figures, the largest yet offered to the country, not true.

"Yes, I think she did," Balfour said, with a laugh, "and I think she was right. You were the author of it, no doubt, Bolitho. But then it was all a joke—we were all in it, to the extent of talking about it. What I wish to impress on your young mind is that women don't understand jokes of that sort—and—and it would have been wiser to have said nothing about it before Lady Sylvia. In fact," he added, with more firmness, "I don't wish my wife to be mixed up in any electioneering squabble."

"Quite right, quite right," responded Mr. Bolitho, with grave suavity: but he knew very well why Mr. Hugh Balfour had never asked him to dine at the Lilacs.

"Now," said Balfour, when they had reached the station and got their tickets, "we shall be in London between six and seven. What do you say to dining with me? I shall be a bachelor for a few evenings, before going down to the country."

Mr. Bolitho was nothing loth. A club-dinner would be grateful after his recent experience of rural inns.

"At the Oxford and Cambridge, or the Reform? Which shall it be?" asked the young man, carelessly.

But Mr. Bolitho regarded it as a serious matter. He was intimately acquainted with the cooking at both houses—in fact, with the cooking at pretty nearly every club in the parish of St. James's. After some delay, he chose the Reform; and he was greatly relieved when he saw his companion go off to telegraph to the steward of the club to put down his guest's name in the books. That showed forethought. He rather dreaded Mr. Balfour's well-known indifference about such matters. But if he was telegraphing to the steward, surely there was nothing to fear?

And when at length they reached London, and had driven straight on to the club, the poor man had amply earned his dinner. He had been cross-examined about this person and that person; had been driven into declaring his opinion on this question and that; had been alternately laughed at and lectured until he thought the railway journey was never going to end. And, now as they sat down at the small white table, Mr. Balfour was in a more serious mood; and was talking about the agricultural laborer. A paper had just been read at the Farmers' Club which would doubtless be very valuable as giving the employer's side of the question; did Mr. Bolitho know where a full report of that address could be got?

Mr. Bolitho was mutely staring at the

From The Examiner.  
GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### AT A CERTAIN CLUB.

"BOLITHO," said Mr. Hugh Balfour, as the two companions were preparing to leave for the London train, "when you see my wife, don't say anything to her about this affair. She would only be annoyed to think that she was in any way connected with such a wretched wrangle. Women are better out of these things."

Now Mr. Bolitho was somewhat vexed. The guiding principle in life of this bland, elderly, easy-going gentleman was to make friends everywhere, or at least acquaintances, so that you could scarcely have mentioned to him a borough in England in which he did not know, more or less slightly, some man of influence. And here he had been involved in a quarrel—all because of the impetuous temper of this foolish young man—with the ruling politician of Englebury!

"I don't think," said he, with a wry smile, "that I am likely to see Lady Sylvia."

"What do you mean?" Balfour asked, as they set out to walk to the station.

"Oh, well, you know," replied the astute Parliamentary agent, with this sorry laugh still on his face, "I have a strong suspicion—you will correct me if I am wrong—that Lady Sylvia looks on me as a rather dangerous and disreputable person, who is likely to lead you into bad ways—bribery and corruption, and all that. I am quite sure from her manner to me at Mainz that she considered me to be the author of an abominable conspiracy to betray the people of Englebury—"

framed bill of fare that the waiter had brought to the table. Was it possible, then, that Balfour had ordered no dinner at all? Was he merely going to ask—in flagrant violation of the rules of the club—for some haphazard thing to take the place of a properly-prepared dinner.

"Will you have some soup? Do you ever take soup?" asked his host, absently; and his heart sank within him.

"Yes, I will take some soup," said he, gloomily.

They had the soup. Mr. Balfour was again plunged in the question of agricultural labor. He did not notice that the waiter was calmly standing over them.

"Oh," said he, suddenly recalling himself, "fish? Do you ever take fish, Bolitho?"

"Well, yes, I will take some fish," said Mr. Bolitho, somewhat petulantly; at this rate of waiting they would finish their dinner about two in the morning.

"Bring some fish, waiter—any fish—salmon," said he, at a venture; for he was searching in a handful of papers for a letter he wished to show his guest. When he was informed that there was no salmon, he asked for any fish that was ready, or any joint that was ready; and then he succeeded in finding the letter.

They had some fish, too. He was talking now about the recently-formed association of the employers of labor. He absently poured out a glass of water, and drank some of it. Mr. Bolitho's temper was rising.

"My dear fellow," Balfour said, suddenly observing that his guest's plate was empty, "I beg your pardon. You'll have some joint now, won't you? They always have capital joints here; and it saves so much time to be able to come in at a moment's notice and have a cut. I generally make that my dinner. Waiter, bring some beef, or mutton, or whatever there is. And you were saying, Bolitho, that this association might turn out a big thing?"

Mr. Bolitho was now in a pretty thorough-going rage. He had not had a drop of anything to drink. In fact, he would not drink anything now—not even water. He would sooner parch with thirst. But if ever—he vowed to himself—if ever again he was so far left to himself as to accept an invitation to dine with this thick-headed and glowering-eyed Scotchman, then he would allow them to put strychnine in every dish.

If Mr. Bolitho had not got angry over the wretched dinner he was asked to eat, he would frankly have reminded his host that

he wanted something to drink. But his temper once being up, he had grown exceedingly bitter about the absence of wine. He had become proud. He longed for a glass of the water before him; but he would not take it. He would wait for the satisfaction of seeing his enemy overcome with shame when his monstrous neglect was revealed to him.

Temper, however, is a bad substitute for wine, when a man is thirsty. Moreover, to all appearance, this crass idiot was likely to finish his dinner and go away without any suspicion that he had grievously broken the laws of common decency and hospitality. He took a little sip of water now and again, as innocently as a dipping swallow. And at length Mr. Bolitho could bear it no longer. Thirst and rage combined were choking him.

"Don't you think, Balfour?" said he, with an outward calm that revealed nothing of the wild volcano within, "don't you think one might have a glass of wine of some sort?"

Balfour, with a start of surprise, glanced round the table. There certainly was no wine there.

"My dear fellow," said he, with the most obvious and heartfelt compunction, "I really beg your pardon. What wine do you drink? Will you have a glass of sherry?"

Bolitho was on the point of returning to his determination of drinking nothing at all; but the consuming thirst within was too strong for him. He was about to accept this offer sulkily when the member for Ballinascoo seemed to recollect that he was entertaining a guest.

"Oh, no," he said, anxiously; "of course you will have some champagne. Waiter, bring the wine-list. There you are, Bolitho; pick out what you want, like a good fellow. It was really very forgetful of me."

By this time they had got to the celery and cheese. Mr. Bolitho had scarcely had any dinner; his thirst had prevented his eating, and his anger had driven him into a most earnest and polite attention to his companion's conversation. But when the champagne arrived, and he had drank the first glass at a draught, nature revived within him. The strained and glassy look left his eyes; his natural bland expression began to appear. He attacked the cheese and celery with vigor. The wine was sound and dry, and Mr. Bolitho had some good lee-way to make up. He began to look on Balfour as not so bad a sort of fellow, after all; it was only his tremen-

dous earnestness that made him forgetful of the smaller things around him.

"And so," said he, with a dawning smile breaking over his face, "you mean to go, unaided and alone, and fight the whole paction of your enemies in Englebury—the Chorleys, old Harnden, Reginald Key, and the hunting parson, altogether?"

"Well," said Mr. Balfour, cheerfully, "I sha'n't try it if I can see an easier chance elsewhere. But I am not afraid. Don't you see how I should appeal to the native dignity of the electors to rise and assert itself against the political slavery that has been imposed on the borough? Bolitho, Englebury shall be free. Englebury shall suffer no longer the dictation of an interested solicitor."

"That's all very well," said Mr. Bolitho, "but Chorley owns half the *Englebury Mercury*."

"I will start the *Englebury Banner*."

"And suppose Harnden should resign in favor of Key?"

"My dear friend, I have heard on very good authority that there is not the least chance of Key being in England at that time. The Government are sure to try the effect of some other malarious place. I have heard several consulships and island governorships suggested; but you are quite right—he is a hard man to kill; and I believe their only hesitation so far has been owing to the fact that there was no sufficiently deadly place open. But they will be even with him sooner or later. Then as for your hunting parson—I could make friends with him in ten minutes. I never saw a hunting parson; but I have a sneaking liking for him. I can imagine him—a rosy-cheeked fellow, broad-shouldered, good-humored, a famous judge of horseflesh and of port wine, generous in his way, but exacting a stern discipline in exchange for his blankets and joints at Christmas. He shall be my ally; not my enemy."

"Ah," said Mr. Bolitho, with a sentimental sigh, "it is a great pity you could not persuade Lady Sylvia to go down with you. When a candidate has a wife—young, pretty, pleasant-mannered—it is wonderful what help she can give him."

"Yes, I dare say," said Balfour, with a slight change in his manner. "But it is not Lady Sylvia's wish—and it certainly isn't mine—that she should meddle in any election. There are some women fitted for that kind of thing—doubtless excellent woman in their way; but she is not

one of them, and I don't particularly care that she should be."

Mr. Bolitho felt that he had made a mistake; and he resolved in future not to mention Lady Sylvia at all. This wild adoration on the part of the young man might pass away—it might even pass away before the general election came on, in which case Balfour might not be averse from having her pretty face and serious eyes win him over a few friends. In the mean time Mr. Bolitho hinted something about a cigar; and the two companions went up-stairs.

Now when Balfour drove up that night to his house in Piccadilly, he was surprised to see an unnecessary number of rooms dimly lighted. He had telegraphed to the housekeeper, whom they always left there, to have a bedroom ready for him; as he intended to have his meals at his club during his short stay in town. When he rang, it was Jackson who opened the door.

"Hallo, Jackson," said he, "are you here?"

"Yes, sir. Her ladyship sent us up two days ago to get the house ready. There is a letter for you, sir, up-stairs."

He went up-stairs to his small study, and got the letter. It was a pretty little message—somewhat formal in style, to be sure; but affectionate and dutiful. Lady Sylvia had considered it probable he might wish to have some gentleman friends to dine with him while in town, and she had sent the servants up to have everything ready, so that he should not have to depend entirely on his club. She could get on very well with Anne; and she had got old Blake over from the Hall to sleep in the house. She added that as he might have important business to transact in connection with his visit to Englebury, he was on no account to cut short his stay in London prematurely. She was amusing herself very well. She had called on So-and-So and So-and-So. Her papa had just sent her two brace of pheasants, and any number of rabbits. The harriers had met at Willowby Clump on the previous Saturday. The School Board school was to be furnished on the following week—and so forth.

He put the letter on the table, his eyes still dwelling on it thoughtfully; and he lit his pipe, and sank into a big easy-chair.

"Poor old Syllabus," he was thinking—for he caught up this nickname from Johnnie Blythe—"this is her notion of duty, that she should shut herself up in an empty house."

And indeed as he lay and pondered there, the house in which he was at this moment seemed very empty too; and his wife, he felt, was far away from him—separated from him by something more than miles. It was all very well for him to grow proud and reserved when it was suggested to him that Lady Sylvia should help him in his next canvas; it was all very well for him to build up theories to the effect that her pure, noble, sensitive mind were better kept aloof from the vulgar traffic of politics. But even now he began to recall some of the dreams he had dreamed in his bachelor days—in his solitary walks home from the House, in his friendly confidences with his old chum at Exeter, and most of all when he was wandering with Lady Sylvia herself, on those still summer evenings, under the great elms of Willowby Park. He had looked forward to a close and eager companionship, an absolute identity of interests and feelings, a mutual and constant helping which had never been realized. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, and began to walk up and down the room.

He would not give himself up to idle dreams and vain regrets. It was doubtless better as it was. Was he a child, to long for sympathy when something unpleasant had to be gone through? She herself had shown him how her quick, proud spirit had revolted from a proposal that was no uncommon thing in public life; better that she should preserve this purity of conscience than that she should be able to aid him by dabbling in doubtful schemes. The rough work of the world was not for that gentle and beautiful bride of his; but rather the sweet content and quiet of country ways. He began to fret about the engagements of the next few days to which he had pledged himself. He would rather have gone down at once to the Lilacs, to forget the babble and turmoil and vexations of politics in the tender society of that most loving of all friends and companions. However, that was impossible. Instead, he sat down and wrote her an affectionate and merry letter, in which he said not one word of what had happened at Englebury, beyond recording the fact of his having been there. Why should he annoy her by letting her suppose that she had been mixed up in a squabble with such a person as Eugenius Chorley?

From The Spectator.

#### THE "FIND" IN THE LAND OF MIDIAN.

IT is now more than six years, since, writing about an effort then being made to recover a galleon wrecked off the coast of Venezuela, we pointed out the improbability that the discovery of any great buried treasure would ever again reward an adventurer's daring or discernment. The kings of the ancient world never had the treasure with which they are credited, or rather, they never had the masses of metal which would now tempt men into serious expeditions. Their treasure, owing to the limited quantities of gold and silver then in the world, would purchase so much, that it loomed large in the world's eyes, but the hoards of the Lydian king, if rediscovered now, would not greatly attract an English millionaire. Solomon, whose wealth made such a permanent impression on the imaginations of mankind, for a few years was the merchant prince of his epoch, and had the carrying-trade of the East in his hands, but it may be questioned if his treasure in gold would have outweighed a million in sovereigns, though it may have purchased thirty times or fifty times as much. The lost Spanish galleons often contained the equivalent of £2,500,000—never more, we believe, the Cadiz treasury being timid about storms, buccaneers, and Netherlandish enemies,—but the actual sum recoverable from any one of them would not now exceed £180,000. There is no record anywhere in the world of the existence of a vast deposit of treasure, unless we can trust—which is not impossible—the persistent Peruvian legend of Atahualpa's mountain storehouse of gold, a temple filled with the plunder of a dynasty and the accumulations of generations of digging and smelting, on which he drew to pay his ransom to Pizarro, or unless—which is conceivable, though unlikely—the barbarians missed the secret of the enormous treasure which must once have been collected under the protection of the oracle of Delphi, the banking-house of the East, then the richest section of earth. That would be a "find" indeed, and as we said once before, we should like a good, scientific, persevering dig round Delphi and under the old shrine amazingly, and rather wonder some English Schliemann has never made the attempt. We pointed out at the time, however, that with these two exceptions the only chance for a grand "find" now left is the opening up of some mine known

to have been profitable, in spite of the unscientific processes employed by the ancient world. Since that time two "finds" of the kind have been made, one of which has been attracting attention this week. We do not know the sums extracted from the scoria-heaps piled up at the entrances to the silver mines of Laurium, but they have been considerable enough to attract the attention of all Greece, and to be the foundation of heavy lawsuits, and even of international disputes; and now Captain Burton thinks he has rediscovered the ancient Ophir. That may be doubtful, though Dr. Kitto shows that Solomon's ships which sailed there were launched on the Red Sea, and that Ophir was probably in Edom; and though the country does not produce peacocks now, the early Midianites held the carrying-trade between Egypt and further Asia, and they may have had a central *dépot*, which in popular phraseology gives its name to everything sold thence, as at present in Asia all European goods are said to be London-made; but the explorer has certainly discovered something. He has gone prospecting about the world a good deal, has a keen eye to business — witness his search for sulphur in Iceland — has a regularly-trained engineer with him, and as usual, has reported only what he has seen. If his account is correct, he has made this time a very considerable discovery. He has visited the "land of Midian," the wild and unpeopled country east of the Wady Arabah, the easternmost of the two fords which jut into Egypt from the Red Sea, the land where Moses crushed the Midianites, whoever they were, for being idolatrous and pleasure-loving — Hellenic and not Hebraistic — and has found it full of the evidences of an ancient civilization, based upon mining operations. There are remains of strong cities, of aqueducts, of smelting-furnaces, and of roads, and evidence of the existence of gold and silver mines, tin mines, and even of turquoise quarries, the latter more attractive to the mineralogist than to the man of business. Turquoises, like garnets, are not very profitable to those who dig for them, except when found in very unusual pieces; they are very destructible, and, if found in considerable quantities, would speedily become almost unsalable. But it is perfectly possible that very important mines, both of gold and silver, may exist in Midian, and have remained almost untouched by races who knew there was gold there, and found some of it, but were perfectly unable to crush quartz, or sink deep

shafts, or pursue any process of extraction by amalgamation. It paid them to work hard for a very little result in weight of metal, one of the facts connected with ancient mining we are all very apt to overlook. There was so little gold and silver in circulation, that a very small bit of either would pay for a week's work, and a treasuryful like that discovered by Dr. Schliemann, though it would now melt down to very little money, so impressed the imagination of men, that the tradition of it descended through the ages. The legend of the riches of Solomon lives forever, but his bank-balance would not in modern money impress Mr. Kirkman Hodgson very much. It is impossible to read the Bible or the "Iliad," or — centuries after — the books of the Middle Ages, without seeing how the excessive value of gold as evidence of wealth impressed the imaginations of men till, in the early Eastern world, the ornaments of the women were the great rewards of the soldiery after the sacking of a city; and in Europe, so much later, gold was credited with any number of mystical virtues. The early alchemists were hunting for a metal of which a small potful meant wealth for life, and a helmetful a fortune. Mines, therefore, could be worked to a profit, and were worked to a profit for centuries without being exhausted, the only outlays being the food of the slaves employed and the cost of a little firing, and the gains worth possibly the equivalent of £100 an ounce. If there are mines at all in Midian, which seems evident, the ancient workings will not have depleted them seriously, and the khedive, with his command of forced and convict labor, guided by European science, may have made a really perceptible haul. We rather hope he has, not for his sake, for he is the far inferior of the Ptolemy who preceded him by twenty centuries, but because every sixpence he gets without taxing or borrowing relieves the most oppressed race on the Mediterranean; and because Captain Burton, much as we dislike most of his books and many of his ideas, deserves that some prize of a kind he wishes for should fall to his extraordinary energy and courage. When a man has the nerve and the nous to hunt in a place like Midian, in the most neglected corner of the most sterile of earthly lands, for a new source of wealth to be suddenly acquired, he deserves the reward he seeks, if only for clearing the way for men with higher aims. A company to work the mines would hardly succeed, free labor in Midian being an unknown quantity and

the expenses of carriage indefinite; and the khedive's request for capitalists' assistance looks like a tentative towards a new loan, on the security of a new Daira, producing turquoises instead of sugar, but still he himself and his own servants may find a treasure there.

If he does, we hope the result will stir up one or two of the adventurous men who are always seeking how to obtain treasure without long and monotonous labor in its acquisition to search in one or two other of the legendary treasure-houses of the world. Jewels, with the exception of diamonds, are hardly worth searching for,—though the supply of rubies would have to be greatly increased before the price would be seriously reduced,—or it might be worth while to prospect the emerald mines of Upper Egypt; but it is hardly to the credit of the Indian government never to have asked one or two of the experienced mineralogists in its service to go and ascertain for himself what the world-wide legend about Golconda really means. The probabilities are a thousand to one that it is true, that there is such a place, that diamonds of the true water—the "drops of dew" wholly devoid of that abominable yellow tinge which so often spoils the Cape diamonds—were found there, and may be found there again. If a couple of mineralogists lost a year there, the Indian government would not be ruined, and though we cannot flatter them with great hope of profit, still the viceroys have often wasted a little money in less profitable work than inquiry into the truth of a very curious legend. Lord Lytton wants a reputation with the natives, and there is an easy one ready to be obtained. The ruler who rediscovered Golconda would never be forgotten, and if the people did fancy for a week that all taxes were to be remitted, that would be at worst a comfortable illusion. Then Mr. Layard is at Constantinople now, and is aware that legends, particularly in Asia, have usually some basis of fact, though they are buried under mountains of fiction. Suppose he induces his friends the Turks, who are not too well off for money at present, just to inquire a little into that story about the golden sands of Pactolus, and those ancient "washings," which would suggest to a Californian that higher up the river would be the precise "location" for a few quartz-crushing machines. If legend is worth anything—and of self-existent legends the tale is not many—a really

valuable gold-mine must exist somewhere on the head-waters of the Pactolus. Of course the Turks cannot do the inquiry for themselves. They have had the richest regions of earth in their possession for five hundred years, and have done nothing with them, but have behaved like robbers who should know of a gold-mine, and think the true way to profit by it was to keep on stealing the buckets; but there must be plenty of Europeans in Constantinople with no fears, few scruples, and plenty of adventure in them, and one of them may have seen life in California, or have acquired some tincture of knowledge of mineralogy.

We have always wondered where the Scandinavian heroes got their gold from, and the priests of Upsala. If they brought it from the south, what did they give for it, having nothing that anybody else wanted; and if they did not buy it, whence was it obtained, for they certainly had it, and in considerable quantities, too? There may be old gold-mines yet to be discovered and reopened in Sweden, and mines of very considerable extent must exist in Japan. When that country was first thrown open to the world gold was in free circulation, and was exchanged weight for weight with silver, a fact which caused for a little while a funny rush upon the treasury, and which suggests that gold must be obtained somewhere with very unusual ease. It would never occur to miners, under ordinary circumstances, to class the two metals together; first, because the gold takes so much more labor, and secondly, because there is so much less of it. Legislation had, of course, something to do with the extraordinary state of things discovered in Japan; but still nature settles values in some degree independently of legislation, and the known facts point to the existence in Japan of some unusually accessible source of a supply of gold. Whether it would be worth working is another matter. As a rule, except under unusual circumstances, gold-mining is not one of the most paying of trades,—a good lead-mine is ten times as profitable as a gold-mine, and a market-garden near London will return a larger percentage than either of them. But our theme to-day is not profits, but disused mines of the precious metals or stones, and there are certainly five accessible spots where explorers as daring and well informed as Captain Burton might find it pay to look for them.

From The Examiner.

### ITALIAN SERVANTS VERSUS ENGLISH.

THE servant difficulty, now under so much discussion, is supposed by English people to be confined to their own country, but, if the grumblers could but know what people in a remote part of Italy suffer from these necessary evils, they would cease to murmur, and would congratulate themselves on their superior good fortune. It is true that in the great towns of Italy servants may be found superior in some respects to the greatest "treasure" that may fall to our lot in England. They demand but little pay, eat next to nothing, are temperate, intelligent, pleasing in manner, not particular about what is or is not their place, and can work well when absolutely obliged. On the other hand, they never do anything at all if they can possibly help it. They are afflicted with hydrophobia to an extraordinary extent. They never tell the truth, on principle, even when it would be to their own advantage to do so. They have no morality amongst them. Such a thing as a "character" is never even asked for with an Italian servant. They are vindictive to the last degree, and if you dismiss one summarily you not unfrequently risk your life. They will bear a good deal, however, that English servants would by no means endure. Their masters may swear at them, half starve them, pay them nothing, if only they leave them free to parade the streets in the evenings on Sundays and feast-days, and have their fun. The one necessity of their life is amusement.

It may be said that if there are drawbacks there are also counterbalancing advantages in this state of things, and that Italian servants in great towns are no worse, on the whole, than their English fellows. That may be so; but let Englishwomen who live at home at ease read the following narrative of the experience of a family in the country. "When we first decided," the narrative runs, "on leaving the beaten track and setting up a *campagna* in a remote place, any difficulties about servants were the last that occurred to us. There would be servants of course in the towns and villages around us, who, for a trifling addition to their wages (usually, we heard, about five francs a month), would be delighted to come to us. Then there were plenty of peasants to do the rough work, who, in time, would learn to be good servants. What could be simpler? So we reasoned in the innocence of our hearts. We began with a *cameriera*,

who announced herself a first-rate hairdresser, dressmaker, cook, housemaid, etc., and a bright, good-looking peasant girl of seventeen, whom we set to work to 'educate.' The *cameriera* not only displayed absolute ignorance on all the subjects in which she declared herself a proficient, but turned out to be one of the most disreputable characters in the town from which we took her. The lady who had recommended her, when remonstrated with, merely said, 'What would you have? They are all bad characters.' Having dismissed Maria, we concentrated our attention on the young peasant. She was intelligent, and could learn everything except civilization, but she was a barbarian whom nothing could tame. In vain we gave her shoes and stockings. She never would keep them on for five minutes together. In vain did we attempt to teach her to modify her language, or to treat us with any sort of respect. One day she flatly refused to do any more work, so had to be dismissed. She departed barefoot and rejoicing to the wretched home whence we took her, and where she and her sixteen brothers and sisters had never by any chance had enough to eat.

"Next we tried a *protégée* of the nuns. The best pupil in a convent instituted for the benefit of foundlings was confided to our care. Concetta had never been outside convent walls. All she had learnt of a practical nature was the art of embroidery, in which certainly she excelled; but then we did not want embroidery, and we did want the beds made, and the rooms swept and dusted. It was again a case of raw material to be worked upon. We hoped to be more successful this time. The girl was remarkably clever and not intractable. She soon learnt to be useful, and after sundry gentle hints discovered besides that it was not the correct thing to come into the sitting-room of an evening and join in the conversation, squatting on the floor, and that, however amiable might be the inclination to take me round the waist and embrace me, it should be restrained. My husband thought it his duty to let her know that the pope does not sleep on straw, and is not in a state of actual starvation. '*Dunque come Vittorio!*' was her astonished exclamation, when the beauty and luxuries of the Vatican and the state which still surrounds Pio Nono were described to her. 'And they persuaded me to send him all the money I earned by my embroidery! It was too bad.' These lessons were only too well learnt. Con-

cetta's sentiments towards the well-meaning nuns who had brought her up underwent a change, and the good ladies were destined to be cruelly disappointed in their best pupil. She left us just as we were beginning to rely upon her services, to place herself in the town. Soon after we heard of her dismissal in disgrace for having concealed a young man in a cupboard. Such was the result of the convent training!

"It would be impossible for me to enumerate all our disastrous experiences in the matter of servants, or how many we tried in the course of two years. The worst we were obliged to dismiss, and the better ones would not stay even for triple the usual wages in a place where they could get no amusement. They left us always at the most inconvenient time, and at a moment's notice. Why they could not simply give warning, and leave at the end of a month, or of a fortnight, we never could discover, but for some inscrutable reason their departure was either the result of a laborious intrigue, or what appeared to be a sudden panic. This last mode of proceeding is so well known in the country as to be called a *capriccio*.

"The ingenuity displayed in concocting a plausible excuse for immediate departure was sometimes remarkable. Marietta or Teresina would suddenly appear on the scene with red eyes, dishevelled hair, and every symptom of distraction. In her hand an open letter. 'Signor! Signora!' she exclaims, sinking on her knees before us. 'Behold this letter! What is to become of me?' The letter, all blotched and scrawled, written evidently in haste and grief, is to implore Marietta, in pathetic terms, to hasten at once to her stricken mother or dying father. She must depart instantly! Of course she will come back again. 'Oh, yes, to-morrow.' She is so sorry to leave us even for a moment; she loves us so; and kissing us on both cheeks (my husband's sex does not exclude him from this style of salute on solemn occasions), she goes off in the wagon which has been waiting for her in the turn of the road, and by which her carefully-packed trunk has been conveyed to the station the day before. Another favorite device is an impatient lover. A letter is produced from the ardent young man, declaring that he can wait no longer. His beloved Lucia or Chiara must fix the wedding-day. Smiles and blushes are the stage business this time. She hopes she has given satisfaction, would not for the world leave us, but Giuseppe is so press-

ing, and they have waited seven years, and so on. She is quite prepared to state his age, profession, the name of his maternal grandfather, or any other piece of information that may be required concerning Giuseppe; but when we make any attempt to ascertain the truth of these glib statements, we find that the person concerning whom we have heard so much, and whose letter we have read, never existed at all. Nothing daunted, Lucia then declares that if he never existed he must cruelly have deceived her, and she must immediately go in search of him — whereupon she departs. This style of leave-taking is irritating, but at least there is a certain amount of warning. It is more embarrassing to wake up one morning and find that you have not been called because your housemaid has been taken with a *capriccio* and has disappeared in the middle of the night, or to be in the middle of a fortnightly wash and see your laundress running down the road with her bundle under her arm, leaving the clothes in soak. It is awkward, too, when you are very hungry, and want to know why dinner is not ready, to be told that the cook has been missing some time, and it is supposed that she has run away. When the wet nurse is taken with a *capriccio*, and leaves the baby crying for its food, the situation is something more than awkward.

"Having made the discovery that *capriccios* usually occurred immediately after the monthly wages had been paid, it struck us that it might be better to pay the servants quarterly. The result of this experiment was that for three months we got on without the usual casualties, but at the end of that time there was such a general flight that we were obliged to harness the pony-carriage and drive twenty miles to the nearest habitable hotel, where we remained some time before we could again muster an establishment. We were not alone in our misfortunes. Our neighbors condoled with us, but assured us that we were no worse off than they. One of our friends was driving his own carriage from one town to another, with a servant behind; when he arrived at his destination, and looked round for the man to take the horses round to the stable, he discovered that the rogue had slipped out behind and returned to his native village, which they had passed on the way." These are but a few anecdotes of one family's experiences, but may serve to show that English servants are at least not worse than those of other countries.

From The Leisure Hour.

### A CIRCASSIAN SCOTCHMAN.

In the recently published work on Russia, by Mr. D. Mackenzie Wallace (Cassell), is the following curious account of an old Scottish settlement :—

" As an instance of the ethnological curiosities which the traveller may stumble upon unawares in this curious region, I may mention a strange acquaintance I made when travelling on the great plain which stretches from the Sea of Azof to the Caspian. One day I accidentally noticed on my travelling-map the name 'Shotländskaya Kolóniya' (Scottish Colony) near the celebrated baths of Piatigorsk. I was at that moment in Stavropol, a town about eighty miles to the north, and could not gain any satisfactory information as to what this colony was. Some well-informed people assured me that it really was what its name implied, whilst others asserted as confidently that it was simply a small German settlement. To decide the matter I determined to visit the place myself, though it did not lie in my intended route, and I accordingly found myself one morning in the village in question. The first inhabitants whom I encountered were unmistakably German, and they professed to know nothing about the existence of Scotchmen in the locality, either at the present or in former times. This was disappointing, and I was about to turn away and drive off, when a young man, who proved to be the schoolmaster, came up, and on hearing what I desired, advised me to consult an old Circassian who lived at the end of the village, and was well acquainted with local antiquities. On proceeding to the house indicated, I found a venerable old man, with fine, regular features of the Circassian type, coal-black sparkling eyes, and a long, grey beard that would have done honor to a patriarch. To him I explained briefly, in Russian, the object of my visit, and asked whether he knew of any Scotchmen in the district.

" 'And why do you wish to know?' he replied, in Russian, fixing me with his keen eyes.

" 'Because I am myself a Scotchman, and hoped to find fellow-countrymen here.'

" Let the reader imagine my astonishment when, in reply to this, he answered, in genuine broad Scotch, 'Eh, man, I'm a Scotchman tae! My name is John Abercrombie. Did ye never hear tell o'

John Abercrombie, the famous Edinburgh doctor?'

" I was fairly puzzled by this extraordinary declaration. Dr. Abercrombie's name was familiar to me as that of a medical practitioner and writer on psychology, but I knew that he was long since dead. When I had recovered a little from my surprise, I ventured to remark to the enigmatical personage before me that, though his tongue was certainly Scotch, his face was as certainly Circassian.

" 'Weel, weel,' he replied, evidently enjoying my look of mystification, 'you're no' far wrang. I'm a Circassian Scotchman!'

" This extraordinary admission did not diminish my perplexity, so I begged him to be more explicit, and he at once complied with my request. His long story may be told in a few words :—

" In the first years of the present century a band of Scotch missionaries came to Russia for the purpose of converting the Circassian tribes, and received from the emperor Alexander I. a large grant of land in this place, which was then on the frontier of the empire. Here they founded a mission, and began the work; but they soon discovered that the surrounding population were not idolaters, but Mussulmans, and consequently impervious to Christianity. In this difficulty they fell on the happy idea of buying Circassian children from their parents and bringing them up as Christians. One of these children, purchased about the year 1806, was a little boy called Teona. As he had been purchased with money subscribed by Dr. Abercrombie, he had received in baptism that gentleman's name, and he considered himself the foster-son of his benefactor. Here was the explanation of the mystery.

" Teona, alias Mr. Abercrombie, was a man of more than average intelligence. Besides his native tongue, he spoke English, German, and Russian perfectly; and he assured me that he knew several other languages equally well. His life had been devoted to missionary work, and especially to translating and printing the Scriptures. He had labored first in Astrakhan, then for four years and a half in Persia—in the service of the Bâle mission—and afterwards for six years in Siberia.

" The Scottish mission was suppressed by the emperor Nicholas about the year 1835, and all the missionaries except two returned home. The son of one of these two (Galloway) is the only genuine Scotchman remaining. Of the 'Circassian

Scotchmen,' there are several, most of whom have married Germans. The other inhabitants are German colonists from the province of Sarátof, and German is the language commonly spoken in the village."

From The Economist.  
THE TRANSVAAL.

THE news of the annexation of the Transvaal republic has been an unpleasant surprise to the people of this country, who desire no additions to the colonial empire, and certainly none accomplished by violence or menaces. Yet it is evident that Lord Carnarvon will be able to show good cause for the trust which he reposed in Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and his acquiescence in the "spirited" policy of the latter. When challenged in the House of Lords on Monday night, by Lord Kimberley, the secretary of state briefly answered that he had no official information relating to Sir T. Shepstone's action, except a telegram from Sir Bartle Frere, announcing the proclamation of the Transvaal as British territory; but he added that he had complete confidence in Sir T. Shepstone's discretion, and would be prepared, unless further details unexpectedly changed his opinion, to support the proceedings of the British envoy. Lord Carnarvon emphatically declared that the danger of a native war was of the very gravest kind, and that the anarchy in the Transvaal, which the government at Pretoria were wholly incapable of quelling, was certain to provoke a Zulu invasion. These are questions which must be left to the decision of experts; probably there are not three men in south Africa, and certainly there are not three in this country, whose opinion would be worth weighing for an instant against Sir T. Shepstone's. Since he has pronounced annexation to be necessary to the safety of the whole of civilized south Africa, we have nothing to do but to support his energetic action. The risks of disregarding his advice would be altogether too serious to be encountered. A native war would imperil populations and interests, in comparison with which the claims of a few thousand Boers to independence do not deserve a thought. Nay, in the interests of the Boers themselves, the removal of the incompetent government at Pretoria is expedient, for their lives as well as their liberties, not to speak of their prerogatives as a ruling race, would be swept away by

a torrent of armed savagery if the hostility of the Zulus were allowed to work its will upon the bankrupt and broken State now brought under the authority of the British crown. We had hoped that the Boers would be brought to see this themselves, and would have hastened to accept the liberal terms of confederation which Sir T. Shepstone was empowered to offer them. But their refusal left no other course open to those who are responsible for the peace of south Africa except that taken by the British envoy on the 12th of April last. The annexation of the Transvaal will probably be followed very quickly by the voluntary entrance of the Orange Free State into the proposed confederation. The South-African Bill is therefore being pushed forward rapidly by the government. It passed through committee on Monday night, and will, no doubt, reach the House of Commons before the Whitsuntide recess.

The territory which has now been united to the empire is equal in area to a second-rate continental state; it contains one hundred and fourteen thousand square miles, according to the official statistics, but its boundaries on every side, except the south, are in a very indeterminate condition. The white population is reckoned, by President Burgers, to be fifty thousand, of whom more than half are Boers, but this is probably a great exaggeration. The German missionaries, who have contributed some interesting information on the subject to geographical publications in Germany, estimate the white population at twenty-five or thirty thousand souls, and the natives as from a quarter to half a million. The gold-fields, mainly Lydenburg, have attracted a great many adventurers from the neighboring British colonies, and in the towns what little trade exists is in the hands of British subjects. The Boers have done little to develop the splendid natural resources of the country. Agriculture is in a very backward condition, for the Dutch take more willingly to a purely pastoral life. The mineral wealth of the country has scarcely been touched; coal of excellent quality has been discovered in the mountain district which divides the head-waters of the Orange River from those of the Limpopo. Copper and lead, zinc, graphite, nickel, and cobalt have also been discovered, and in a few places have been worked. But the gold fields have hitherto monopolized all the enterprise that has been turned towards the Transvaal. The trade in ostrich feathers is

lucrative and increasing, but cattle-breeding is the staple industry of the country. There is some exportation also of wool, butter, ivory, leather, and tobacco; but the entire commerce inwards and outwards of the Transvaal has probably never reached a quarter of a million sterling per annum. The finances of the republic had lately fallen into terrible disorder, and the exhaustion of the treasury is so complete, that the payment of the *employés* in the government offices and of the police has been, since the beginning of the year, an impossibility. In 1872 the public income was thirty-six thousand pounds, and the expenditure a little less. The public debt was then only sixty thousand pounds, secured by a mortgage of State lands; but the Transvaal has since borrowed heavily, especially in Belgium and Holland. President Burgers came to Europe, a couple of years ago to raise a loan of three hundred thousand pounds, ostensibly for the construction of a railway to Delagoa Bay; he actually raised ninety thousand pounds, but no account has been published of the manner in which this sum was expended. It is only certain that the railway has not been begun. The Portuguese government have granted the Transvaal freedom of trade with Delagoa Bay, but the district between the Transvaal frontier and the coast is rendered almost impassable for wagons by the presence of the tsetse fly, so fatal to draught cattle of every kind. If railway communication with the sea were established, we might expect a rapid development of the natural wealth of the Transvaal. At present, communication either with Natal or with the Cape Colony is impeded by the difficulty of transport, which the Boers, always jealous of foreign intrusion, have not been anxious to remove.

From The Leisure Hour.  
KIDNAPPING A SLOTH.

WHEN I first went to live at Larangeiras, which is a suburb of Rio de Janeiro, one of my especial pets was a young sloth. Rather a curious favorite, you may say; but the fact was, that I had heard several travellers deny the possibility of rearing a sloth to recognize and become familiar with you, and I had a fancy to try the experiment for myself.

At first (as might be expected) my native friends made great fun of the idea, and were always asking how my pupil was get-

ting on, and whether I had not better send him to school, now that he was getting too big for a private tutor. However, I stuck to my own way, like a true Englishman, and in course of time the beast got to know me quite well. Many a time, when I was sitting reading in the garden, under the shade of my favorite palm-tree, I would be startled by feeling a huge hairy paw passed inquiringly along the back of my neck, and, turning round, find myself face to face with Senhor Melhado, as I had named him, in compliment to a very take-it-easy neighbor of mine.

These reminders, I must confess, generally meant getting a bit of sugarcane or a sup of molasses, for he was a shocking "sweet-tooth." When we sat eating our sugarcane on the verandah, in the cool of the evening, he used to come for his piece as regularly as the clock struck; and whenever he had misbehaved himself, I used to punish him by giving him none. Having got his education to this point, I began to think whether I could not carry it further still, when lo! one fine morning my pet was nowhere to be found.

This discovery was not made till after I had started for the city as usual; but my black retainers were naturally dismayed at a catastrophe the whole blame of which would evidently fall upon them. Moreover, the garden being entirely surrounded by a high wall, and all the trees standing well back from it, it was difficult to imagine how he could have got out. The whole affair had quite an air of witchcraft; and (as is wont to be the case in a public crisis) a great deal was said, and nothing done.

Now, it happened that this same difficulty of getting out was Mr. Sloth's special grievance; for, although one might have thought that long walks were not much in his line, he had a great hankering to know what lay on the other side of that wall. And so, one morning, as if on purpose to gratify him, while he was sitting disconsolate upon a projecting bough, there came sliding up over the top of the wall, right towards him, the end of a pole, long, strong, and well-smoothed as heart of sloth could wish.

Slowly and heavily, one after another, the huge clumsy paws fastened upon this unexpected windfall. But, alas! for the poor beast, he had no sooner trusted himself to his new perch than he discovered that there was a black man in ambush underneath it; and before he could collect his scattered ideas, he found himself whisked up and marched away down the street, to the cry of "*Preguiça! boa pre-*

*guiça! Quem quer comprar!*" (Sloth! good sloth! Who'll buy?)

Meanwhile, I, little dreaming of what had befallen my poor favorite, was riding leisurely along the great road leading from the suburb of Larangeiras to the city, when I suddenly discovered that I had forgotten some papers which I wanted. To save time, I went back by a short cut through some of the by-streets, and it was just as well that I did, for I suddenly encountered a sloth tied by his claws to a pole, and looking very much ashamed of himself; and in this disconsolate captive

I recognized, to my no small amazement, my own cherished pupil, Senhor Melhado!

In an instant I was off my horse, and pounced upon the thief, who loudly protested his innocence. A crowd gathered, and there was a great hue-and-cry; but my recognition of the sloth—and, better still, *his* recognition of *me*—carried the day, and my black friend, seeing the case going against him, abandoned the booty and took to his heels. The delight of my household at the prodigal's return may be imagined; and I think the lesson must have done him good, for he never broke bounds again.

D. KER.

In the current number of *Mind*, Mr. G. H. Lewes gives briefly what seems to be one of the chief positions taken by him in his new volume "The Physical Basis of Mind." He finds that according to usage the word "consciousness" is equivalent to sentience or feeling; that it is also used in a special sense as signifying that we not only feel, but feel or are conscious that we feel. Now Mr. Lewes holds that every neural process implies sensibility, indeed *is* feeling or consciousness in the general sense of that term; accordingly consciousness, sentience—these neural processes may be said to have "various modes and degrees, such as perception, ideation, emotion, volition, which may be conscious, subconscious, or unconscious." In the last sentence the word "unconscious" describes a mode or degree of sentience which has not given rise to consciousness in the special sense, and Mr. Lewes contends that the word "unconscious" ought to be confined to this usage, that in strictness we should not speak of unconsciousness outside the sphere of sentience. He then proceeds to argue that to describe a neural process as a mere series of physical changes is to say that "organic processes suddenly cease to be organic and become purely physical by a slight change in their relative position in the consensus." The matter of fact of which Mr. Lewes has to persuade his readers is, that "the reflex mechanism necessarily involves sensibility," that a neural process is a feeling.

In a recent communication to the Belgian Academy, M. van Monckhoven describes some improvements in the photographic reproduc-

tion of ultra-violet spectra of gases. He employs two large Geissler tubes placed parallel and communicating together by a capillary tube at right angles to them. The spectroscope consists of three 60° prisms of Iceland spar, cut so that the bisector plane of each of their dihedral angles is parallel to the optic axis of the crystal. With such prisms the ordinary and extraordinary spectra do not encroach on one another. The axis of the capillary tube is then made to coincide exactly with that of the collimator of the spectroscope, and the intensity of the light which can be utilized during passage of the current from a Ruhmkorff coil, is found to be very much greater than if the tube were placed, as usual, perpendicularly to the axis of the apparatus. The author recommends using a plate of quartz in place of one of the large tubes of glass, so as to prevent too great absorption of rays of high refrangibility. To give an idea of the exactness with which even the most refrangible bright lines are reproduced, M. van Monckhoven presented three plates representing the solar spectrum, the bright lines of hydrogen combined with those of aluminium (of which the electrodes were formed), and the bright lines of a solar protuberance.

THE foundation of a permanent station for help to wrecked vessels on Novaya Zemlya is now in way of execution. We hope that the station will also be used for taking regular meteorological observations. An Eskimo family, which has already wintered for two years on the island, will remain there permanently, and be supplied by the Russian government with all necessaries.

Nature.